

The Reader's Digest



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Number 52

AUGUST NINETEEN TWENTY-SIX

Your publication affords me great pleasure and enables me to keep abreast with the significant topics of the day and at the same time allows a busy man time for reading the publications in his own line. I appreciate it very much.—Capt. H. W. Knight, M.D., I.M.S., Bidar, Hyderabad, India.

The Reader's Digest is a great time-saver and always will be so long as you do your job well. Do not increase the size of your publication—it is just about the limit of what a person can conveniently read in the time that one has allotted to magazines. Whoever is doing the picking is to be congratulated, also the person doing the "digesting."—The Vice-President of a New York City bank.

I am more than pleased with the issues of The Reader's Digest which I have seen. The articles are so well selected and present the facts in such concise form that it makes the publication an invaluable aid to the busy reader.—O. W. Buschgen, D.D., 817 Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Let me congratulate you upon the value of your splendid little magazine. I am most grateful to the friend who recommended it to me, as I consider it my best magazine investment.—Wilfred C. Marsh, 231 19th Ave., Calgary, Alta.

Your magazine has been mentioned to several of my friends and they all agree that it is the most economical magazine that is being published today. Also, that its conciseness of material and the selection of articles not only make it a time-saver, but an inducement to good reading.—Horace C. Andrews, 274 So. Lafayette Park Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

Enclosed \$1.50 for a Digest binder. Please send me the new index. I have all the issues from the first and am finding the four volumes of great value in interpreting current movements and significant trends of the times. The Digest is a mine of fine material on hundreds of subjects.—Frank B. Ward, Centralia, Mo.

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The Reader's Digest

*"An article a day" from leading magazines
—each article of enduring value and interest, in condensed, permanent booklet form.*

Vol. 5

AUGUST 1926

Serial No. 52

Getting Acquainted with George Washington

Condensed from *The Mentor* (July '26)

Stuart Sherman

SAID Lord Bryce, a very competent judge of statesmen: "Washington stands alone and unapproachable, like a snow peak rising above its fellows . . . , with a dignity, constancy and purity which have made him the ideal type of civic virtue to succeeding generations . . ."

Now one cannot become acquainted with an "unapproachable snow peak." After one has been assured, in various forms, for 125 years that Washington was an "unapproachable snow peak" one comes to believe it. One's emotions become cool and sublime. One thinks of him as *Mr.* Washington rather than as *Mr.* Washington. Eventually one begins to doubt whether there ever was any *Mr.* Washington.

The first important step toward the recovery of the whole truth about Washington was the publication of Ford's *The Writings of George Washington* in 14 volumes. Another important step was the publication in 1925 of *The Diaries of George Washington*. We have had also the realistic studies of Washington by Lodge, Ford, Hapgood, Wister, Haworth, Henderson, Thayer, Prussing and others.

The obvious result of this historical study has been to convert Washington from a rather chilly heroic myth into a red-blooded, eating, drinking, six-foot-three Virginian with abundance of

common humanity and with many traits of character and temperament which had dropped out of the legend. In his own lifetime he was idolized by the officers of his army. If he had lifted his finger, he might have been king. He frowned heavily on the project. English republicans, scorning their own sovereign, drank to George Washington as the incarnation of Plutarchian virtues.

Washington's formal schooling was brief. But a big Southern plantation employing several hundred slaves gave a very liberal "laboratory" training in the practical arts and crafts: agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, the breeding of stock, commercial fishing, brewing, distilling, the meat business, road building, masonry, lumbering, dam building, surveying, architecture, spinning, weaving, dyeing, bookkeeping, commerce, law and all the elements of administration and government. His education was enriched and his outlook broadened by contact with cultivated neighbors, by his appointment as public surveyor at the age of 17, by his various military and diplomatic missions among the French and Indians, by his appointment at 23 as commander in chief of the Virginian forces, and by his entrance at 27 into the House of Burgesses.

Washington was neither a prude nor a prig at any time in his life. Truthfulness, square dealing and valor were indeed bred in his bones. They were part of his inheritance as a Virginian gentleman. He disapproved of slavery on economic grounds and hoped for the eventual enfranchisement of all slaves, but he was a large slaveholder and the most profitable crop on his plantation was tobacco. His amusements were those of a cavalier. He was fond of shooting and fishing, and when he was at Mount Vernon he was a passionate fox hunter. Sometimes he played cards all day and lost a couple of pounds. Sometimes he danced all night. He attended the theater. He went to the horse races. He was fond of Madeira, and he served fine imported wines to his distinguished guests. He was very particular about dress, and for his own garments ordered from London the best quality of broadcloth, silk, linen and cambric. At his own wedding he was attired "in blue and silver with scarlet trimmings, and gold buckles at his knees."

The records indicate that from his youth up he was devoted to "the fair." Some halting amorous verses of his youth have been preserved. Preserved also is the tradition that he made offers of his heart and hand on several occasions before they were accepted by the vivacious and wealthy young widow Martha Custis. There is a tradition that, in the earlier stages of his courtship, the girls were disposed to find his nose of unromantically formidable proportions. We have a letter addressed to him on his return from soldiering with General Braddock and signed by no less than three fair ladies, "thanking Heaven" for his safe return and assuring him that if he "will not come to us tomorrow morning very early we shall be at Mount Vernon."

In 1798, a year before his death, Washington, 66 years old, wrote once again to Sally Fairfax—a letter full of tranquil satisfaction in being retired at last under his "own vine and fig tree," but with one passage which

is tender with the passion of his youth:

During this period so many important events have occurred... as the compass of a letter would give you but an inadequate idea of. None of which events, however, nor all of them together, have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest of my life, which I enjoyed in your company.

For 40 years the flame still burned—unextinguished by Martha Washington, or by Valley Forge, or by the long watches on the bridge of the new "Ship of State." We begin to surmise that our father was even more of a cavalier than we had suspected.

Washington confessed to finding a charm in the whistling of bullets. Then and always he was a sensitive man—highly sensitive in the point of honor. To be charged, or even to be suspected, of any act unbecoming a gentleman kindled his rage. One other thing invariably kindled his rage; that was cowardice in battle.

About once a year some after-dinner speaker gets half a column in the newspapers for announcing that Washington swore. There is no evidence that Washington was habitually a profane man. Habitually he was an extremely dignified and decorous man. He used profanity where another man might have used the point of a pistol, as at the battle of Monmouth. His words, addressed to the retreating General Lee, are said to have been: "What in the hell is the meaning of this retreat? You God-damned poltroon, will you now lead these troops against the enemy or shall I?"

In 1759, at the age of 26, Washington settled down at Mount Vernon intending to be a country gentleman for the rest of his life. He then thought the life of a gentleman farmer the most "delectable" form of existence in the world. As he felt at 26 he felt also at 67. There was no year between 1759 and 1799 when, if he had consulted his own inclination, he would not gladly have resigned his power and his honor for the sweet refuge of his own vine and fig tree. The diaries which cover his years at Mount Vernon betoken a deep daily

(Continued on Page 206)

Tolerance

Condensed from The American Magazine (July '26)

Dr. Henry Van Dyke

THE fact is often overlooked that there are really two kinds of tolerance, almost as contrary to each other as cold and warmth. The first kind, the easy, worthless, sometimes dangerous kind of tolerance, is based on *indifference*. It is easy for those who believe nothing, to be forbearing in regard to the beliefs or misbeliefs of others. The motto of this sort of indifference should be the familiar line of the profane song: "What the h-ll do we care?"

Sometimes, however, the indifferent attitude does not come from the absence of convictions, but from the pride and self-sufficiency with which certain opinions are held. The least admirable American trait is self-complacency based on imperfect information. The man whose tolerance flows from an unreasonable sense of innate superiority to his fellow men often bears on his face an outward sign: a smile, a cool, lofty, supercilious, tolerant, intolerable smile. With it he meets all objections, mocks at all reasons, and dismisses the case.

The trouble with this kind of tolerance is that it is cold all the way through—cold as an iceberg. There is no pulse of life in it. It never leads to a better understanding. It never makes friendships between men of different creeds and parties. A firm and fixed believer, even a zealot, is easier to get along with than a cold tolerator.

Real tolerance is based not on indifference but on *sympathy*. Therefore, it is not cold, but warm. It is a recognition of something in the other man which you cannot help liking and respecting. The root of it is a kind of good will, love, sense of natural fellowship, mutual comprehension. This is the meaning of the French proverb: "To comprehend all is to pardon all."

This is the meaning of Charles Lamb's retort when someone asked him if he did not hate a certain person. "Why, no," he said. "I know him, don't I? I never can hate anyone that I know."

A good motto for life is this: Don't expect too much of anybody, not even yourself. But expect something of everybody, including yourself.

I recall an intimate conversation with Theodore Roosevelt. I had asked him how in the world he managed to get along with two men—X and Y. "I'll tell you how it is," said he. "Those men seldom agree with me; yet in each of them I have discovered something, a trait not generally known to the public, which I can't help admiring. Take old X. He is a dyed-in-the-wool reactionary and a clever schemer. But one thing about him is fine. When he does make you a promise—which isn't often—he will keep that promise if it costs him a leg. I can't help liking that.

"Then take old Y. People call him a ruthless, hard-boiled Boss of the ancient type. But he had a very tender place in his heart for the welfare of the Indians. He brought some of the chiefs of one tribe to Washington, cared for them, pleaded and worked for their cause in his last days. I think his latest request to me, almost from his deathbed, was that I would take care of his redskin friends after he was gone. That was something to honor in the old man. It made you feel warm to him."

Undoubtedly, the warm kind of tolerance is in harmony with the spirit of our Master. He hated none of the real people with whom He came into contact in His human life. His only scorn was for the unreal people, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, whited se-

pulchers. For all real people He had a most gracious tolerance and help. He kept company with publicans and sinners because He saw something in them which touched His sympathy. He did not reject the Magdalen, but received her kindly, and bade her hope.

Yet, strangely enough, it is precisely in the history of the Christian Church that the spirit of intolerance has been most active. It is doubtful whether all the persecutions by the early Roman emperors made as many martyrs as were slain in the long and bloody wars between nominal Christians on points of difference in doctrine, ritual, and ecclesiastical authority.

One glorious mark of progress of our age, I think, is that it would not be possible today to proclaim or maintain a great war in the name of religion, a war to crush the faith of others, or to impose a creed on them by force of arms.

Yet the secret spirit which is contrary to tolerance still survives. How else shall we account for the sharp rivalries, divisions, exclusions, and contests which exist between the various sects and denominations? Absolute uniformity of doctrine and ritual is certainly impracticable and probably undesirable. But unity of spirit in loving God and man is the real bond of peace. It goes deeper than definitions of doctrine or forms of worship. In the fellowship of good works it ripens and mellows into that sympathetic understanding of others which is the very heart of real tolerance.

I once camped by a spring in the hill country of the Samaritans. Our little caravan included a score of men of various races and religions. A band of poor pilgrims halted by the spring. An old woman fell from her donkey and broke her arm. In a moment our company of many creeds was eagerly helping the wounded stranger. It bathed us all in the glow of warm tolerance as the sun sank behind the mountains of Samaria.

The only religion to be ashamed of is one which makes men harsh, incon-

siderate, ungenerous and censorious toward their fellow men. I should cut loose from any creed that prohibited me to join with a good Buddhist in ministering to the blind, or that forbade me to bear a hand with the litter of a wounded man because a Jew or Catholic was carrying the other end.

The question arises, Does sympathetic tolerance promise any solution of the supposed, and distressful, conflict between science and religion? I believe it does. Science is the careful, orderly study of the *work* of God in the world. Religion is faith in and obedience to the *word* of God as it comes to our hearts through conscience, and devout meditation, and prayer, and the messages of men inspired by His spirit to declare His will.

The work of God is no less true, no less sacred, than His word, though men often misinterpret both. Holy Scripture makes no claim to be an inerrant authority on the laws of physics and chemistry and biology. It says to the soul of man, "This do and thou shalt live." Science, on the other hand, is strictly concerned with the structure, operation, and elements of the physical world. Its task is to tell us how things are made and how they work.

There is no necessity, indeed to my mind hardly a possibility of any real conflict between religion and science. The truth revealed by religion is that the universe is not the product of blind chance, unreasonable power, or lawless energy, but the well-ordered work of intelligence, wisdom, will, and love. The truths discovered by science are illustrations and proofs of this sublime conception.

I will close with a few practical suggestions on cultivating the spirit of sympathetic tolerance: Live by admiration rather than by disgust. Judge other people by their best, not by their worst. Cheerfully give to others the same liberty we claim for ourselves. Remember: In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted by Him. If by Him, why not by us?

Standing Iceberg Guard in the Atlantic

Condensed from The National Geographic Magazine (July '26)

Lt. Commander F. A. Zeusler, U. S. Coast Guard

IN the North Atlantic Ocean is one of the dreariest areas on the globe.

It is usually at the mercy of the sweeping gales or in the grip of the densest fogs. This area, the southeastern edge of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, is where the cold Labrador Current from the Arctic breasts the greater volume of the warm Gulf Stream. Over this area lies a blanket of fog, present 40 per cent of the time in winter and fully half the time in summer.

But through this dreary region men have projected the busiest water trade route in the world and on the Banks is located one of the most famous of fishing grounds. Here shipmasters not only dare the dangers of an ugly-mooded ocean, but until a few years ago had also the added fear in their hearts that across their bows might loom unexpectedly the dark and ominous blur of a gigantic iceberg, shrouded in snow, fog, or gale.

It was in this area that the greatest disaster ever recorded in the history of ocean travel occurred—the sinking of the Titanic on the night of April 14-15, 1912, after collision with an iceberg, with a loss of 1513 souls.

A universal demand arose for a patrol of the ice area. Immediately the United States Navy detailed two cruisers for guard duty until the last bergs disappeared from the steamer lanes in late June. During the fall of the same year an International Conference was convened in London, to organize this patrol on an international basis. The United States was asked to manage this service, but 11 countries consented to bear a share of the cost in proportion to their shipping tonnage.

Icebergs have always been the dread

of the transatlantic navigator. They drift hither and yon, propelled now by ocean currents, now by tides, and now by winds and waves. Fog is their constant companion.

The ice comes down every year, as it has for centuries; but now every berg that enters the steamer lanes is kept under surveillance by the International Ice Patrol. Not a single ship has been lost through collision with an iceberg since the patrol was inaugurated, 14 years ago.

Greenland's "icy mountains" alone are the source of the icebergs that come as far south as the steamer lanes, journeying about 1800 miles—the distance from Washington, D. C., to Denver—before they become "white specters" to shipping. With the exception of a small strip of coast line, Greenland is completely covered with a vast ice cap. Its estimated thickness is 5000 feet. Always the ice mantle is moving down the slope of the land toward the sea, in great glaciers, pushing out through the valleys. As the ice reaches the sea it noses out into the water and breaks off at a weak spot.

Only the fittest icebergs survive the buffetings of the sea, to be carried south in the Labrador Current and along the eastern edge of the Banks into the Gulf Stream. This warm current gives them short shrift; but until they have dwindled to the size of an ample library desk they are capable of staving in a vessel's plates.

The Labrador Current, however, has its usefulness. It teems with all kinds of marine life, affording breeding and feeding grounds for our best fish food.

The current from the Arctic does not have a year-around constant flow along

the Grand Banks. The berg danger period coincides with the heavy flow period of the Current each year—that is, from March 1 to July 1. It is during this period that the cutters patrol the ice-endangered areas.

Two cutters, the Tampa and the Modoc, are assigned to the Ice Patrol, with a third cutter, the Seneca, held in reserve. The oceanographer is the navigating officer. He must know his vessel's position any moment of the day or night, and he keeps a record of the movements of all the ships within 400 miles. He keeps tab on all ice floating into the steamer lanes and sends radio warnings of weather, derelicts and ice, prepares weather charts, and receives and answers requests from ships by radio.

On the great steamer lane between Europe and America ships pass constantly. It is an avenue of the sea just as much as Fifth Avenue is a heavy traffic street. On what is known as the "westbound tracks" are the ships coming from Europe, and on the "eastbound tracks," 60 miles south, are the ships going to Europe. All vessels off the track are reported for violation of the rules. A vessel off the track is just as dangerous as an iceberg or a derelict. Boulevard speeds obtain, so that the fast liners "step on it" through all kinds of weather.

The Ice Patrol cutter stands as a traffic officer on this avenue of the sea. If the ice threatens blockade, the cutter sets the stop sign and turns traffic into a "side street" detour to the south. Like a good traffic officer, the cutter answers all queries about the condition of the "road". On one day we may hear from as many as 38 vessels, all within close range.

Since dawn of a typical day on ice patrol, the ship has been searching the danger area. We steam 30 miles north, and since there is no fog or haze, we command a view of 15 miles on each side. Then we turn east at right angles for 30 miles more. Another right-angle swing heads south for a 30-mile run, after which we again turn east, repeating the rectangular methods of searching until nightfall.

Reports received from large and small vessels alike through the day give their position, direction, speed, weather, water temperature, and ice report, if any. The oceanographer then determines whether the courses of the vessels threaten to bring any of them into danger. By using from 900 to 1300 messages recording water temperature in 15 days we can locate the "cold wall," the line of demarcation between the warm Gulf Stream and the cold Labrador Current.

This line is the danger line, because a berg that crosses it commits quick suicide, for water at 55 to 60 degrees melts ice very rapidly. A big berg will disappear seven days after it crosses the line. The cold wall is also normally the southern-most fog line, another factor that makes its determination doubly important. We watch the cold wall push down until the last of April; then we record its recession, as the power of the Gulf Stream pushes it back north.

Twice this morning we have crossed the cold wall. It is easy to see. North of it the ocean is a beautiful olive green, south of it the water is indigo blue. The higher content of microscopic marine life gives the Labrador Current its olive-green tone.

When an iceberg is sighted, we take observations to determine its dimensions. From these figures we can gauge the total mass, for always one-eighth of an iceberg is exposed. Next we make other observations which enable us to predict in what direction the berg will drift, and this information is then transmitted in an ice broadcast. Added to this will be the position of perhaps 20 other bergs.

Thousands of Americans sailed to Europe last spring. Few of them were aware, as they retired to their state-rooms at night, of what precautions were being taken for their safety. They did not know that in the radio room on the upper deck, a message from the Tampa or the Modoc was coming in, telling about fog and ice-bergs.

Are College Men Wanted?

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (July '26)

A. W. Armstrong

MY first serious thought on the objections Big Business raises to the college man came when the comptroller of the corporation with which I was connected at the time, in outlining his needs for "able fellows," capable of working up to large responsibilities, placed upon me the final injunction: "But no more college men—please!"

As time went on, I heard more and more often "No college men!" from executives looking for young men to develop in their respective fields. What they wanted, if you pinned them down, was high-school boys. And, except where men with highly specialized training are required, boys with high-school education and nothing more can, without doubt, be more comfortably absorbed into the broad, slow-moving current of the great corporation than can men with college training—and college aspirations.

But for Big Business to cry for high-school graduates, energetic lads of first-rate intelligence, is to cry for the moon. For when a lad of this sort finishes high school nowadays he goes on to college.

The outstanding criticism of the college man is of his overweening desire to be advanced faster than his own development and the exigencies of business permit. From the executive standpoint, no educational training whatever offers an acceptable substitute for a reasonable period of actual work in a business organization. A reasonable period. There's the rub! In the mind of the college man it is a matter too often of months—a year or so at most. In the executive's mind it is from two or three years to six or seven.

The college man, to be sure, has already spent four to six years in some institution of the higher learning. He is eager to realize on what amounts to a considerable investment. As likely as not, he is both in debt and engaged. Moreover, he has developed tastes, entirely legitimate tastes, that call for money—golf, his Ford, his college club. His cultural side perhaps has been awakened; he wants to hear the best music, to enjoy the theater, books, art.

But the usual executive, who has taken up golf at 40 or 50, even 60, and whose enjoyment of club life has been the reward of, rather than the prelude to, his own business activities, does not consider that an undue hardship is imposed on the college man if he must postpone any large indulgence of his sporting or social instincts until he has, in the executive's opinion, earned a right to do so.

Small wonder, however, that the college man, viewing all these things from a totally different angle, presses in season and out for advancement. Big Business hungers and thirsts after exceptional ability; is by no means slow in discovering it, or niggardly in its rewards. But, so the executive complains, the college man with nothing out of the common to offer is even more impatient to advance than his brother of exceptional mind or personality. It is, indeed, the discovery that the college man of only average ability is far more of a problem and less of an asset to Big Business than the average man of less education that has led more than one executive to the proviso: "If I must take college men, I want only the best—not necessarily men whose marks have been

highest, but all-around, capable fellows."

Again and again—perhaps generally—even before an executive acquires a young man of this calibre he has in mind the berth for which he intends him eventually. If not beforehand, he soon determines on one when he sees him exhibiting promising traits. But the executive must keep him under observation long enough to see how he handles a variety of matters, to learn the impression he has made on others as well as himself. To confide his intentions to the young man at the start would be to run the risk of disappointing, perhaps destroying him. This the college man fails to grasp—that he himself, no less than Big Business, is protected when he is not told of what is in prospect for him till the hour is ripe. Only faith will serve him at the start—faith that if he gives unusual services he will in time reap unusual reward.

It used to be my custom in visiting a college, after conferring with professors and examining records, to arrange to see a group of men. There was always one who would inquire: "Now, can you tell me approximately what I should be getting after three or four years?" My answer would run something like this: "If you can tell me the quality of service you would render; if you can tell me how you would meet the various exigencies that would arise, and the impression you would make on those with whom you came in contact, I can give you approximately the salary that you would receive."

Obvious as all this may seem, I have found the college man slow to believe that the result of his union with Big Business so largely depends on himself. And the college man, from my observation, does himself distinct harm during his initial period in business by keeping his gaze constantly riveted on what he is to get, rather than on what he is to give.

Business executives, as a rule, worked long and arduously for their own advances. In their own youth it was a grave impropriety for a young man to ask for a larger salary. They

clung to the old view. And when they do increase a young man's pay they expect him to exhibit real appreciation. The college man, however, not only takes an advance as a matter of course, but not infrequently walks into their offices and argues that it should have been more!

The college man, almost without exception, expects to become—and shortly—an executive. His knowledge of the various functions of business may be shadowy, but there is no uncertainty whatever in his expectation of acting as director. I believe the best of counsel that can be given the college man is to forget for his first five years in business that there is such a word in his vocabulary as "executive." Certainly in no other one way does he so prejudice his case as when he talks openly, and often with the utmost sang-froid, of an executive position for himself.

Not a little, in fact, of the irritation Big Business feels with the college man has to do with his manners. Believing that a college education connotes gentility, executives are astonished, at times infuriated, when a college graduate bursts open the office door, without having made a previous appointment, and interrupts what may be a serious consultation. The vast majority of executives of high rank of the present day did not go to college; they tend in one and the same breath to depreciate a college education and to exaggerate the benefits it confers. They often appear unaware that if a young man has not imbibed the elements of good breeding in his own home he will not acquire them at college.

The dean of one of our oldest schools of business administration told me that after comparing the business career with the college record of a large number of men he was inclined to believe that the two qualities that had more to do with business success than any others were tact and initiative, and of these he would give first place to tact.

The author's comments on the College Man's Charges against Big Business will appear in the next issue.

Dixie Versus the British Empire

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (July '26)

Joseph Leeming

AN American business man who recently returned from a world tour was asked what struck him as being the most significant feature of Britain's colonies. "Well," he replied, "the British Empire seemed to me to be a great deal like the lion's den into which they threw Daniel. When King Darius asked him how he liked it, Daniel said that it was pretty comfortable but the place was simply infested with lions. Wherever I went in the British possessions, from Africa and India to Australia and the West Indies, I was impressed by the attention being given to cotton-raising. The British Empire is simply infested with cotton plantations which are increasing in number every year."

Most of us take for granted our practical monopoly of cotton. Yet those who can read the handwriting on the wall believe that the widespread activities of the British Empire Cotton-Growing Association will, in a comparatively few years, bring about such a vast development of cotton-producing areas in the British Empire that the American industry will be seriously, if not vitally, affected.

The preparatory work has been going on for nearly a quarter of a century. The united cotton interests of Great Britain established the British Empire Cotton-Growing Corporation, which was given a Government contribution of nearly one million pounds sterling and, furthermore, it obtains an income from a levy of six pence a bale on cotton imported into the United Kingdom. The Corporation sends experts to the different cotton regions, establishes experiment stations, supplants the sharpened sticks of the natives with modern agricultural implements; and it is succeeding in in-

creasing the output of areas already under development and in furthering the development of irrigation and transportation projects in regions suitable for cotton growing.

To understand the determination that is back of the Corporation's activities, one must realize the all-important role that cotton-spinning plays in the industrial life of Great Britain. Nearly one-fifth of Britain's entire working population is engaged in one or another of the various branches of the cotton-spinning industry. The exports of cotton textiles amount in value to one-third of Britain's total exports of manufactured goods. About 80 per cent of all cotton goods produced in England are sold abroad, principally in India, China, and Africa, from which countries Britain draws immense supplies of raw materials such as jute, rubber, oil seeds, and wheat. Therefore, without the revenue obtained from steady foreign sales of cotton goods the "balance" of her Eastern trade would be distinctly unfavorable.

Now, here is where the rub comes in. The people of India and China are among the poorest in the world. If the price of American cotton climbs to what Lancashire terms an unreasonable height, it is manifestly impossible for the English mills to turn out piece goods that are within reach of their Eastern customers' pocketbooks. A rise of one cent a pound in the price of American cotton costs the British spinners approximately \$20,000,000, for they require 4,000,000 bales of 500 pounds each to keep their looms humming for a year. When the price of raw cotton jumps from 8 to 43 cents a pound, as it has in the past four or five years, the British spinner faces nearly insurmountable difficulties.

In recent years the price of American cotton has been so high that British business with the East has been curtailed to an unprecedented extent; and the depredations of the boll weevil seem to indicate that short crops and high prices will be the rule in regard to the American crops of the near future.

To overcome these conditions, the British are bending every last ounce of their energy to grow their own long-staple cotton. At present cotton is being grown in 19 different countries within the Empire or under British control.

In India, which ranks second only to the United States as a cotton producer, there are a number of great irrigation and development projects. In fact, every province has plans for increasing the acreage under cotton. The 1925 cotton area was 26,461,000 acres, only 12,000,000 acres less than the area under cotton in the United States. The Nira Valley project, completed in 1924, converted 100,000 acres into first-class cotton soil. The Sukkur project will give irrigation to 6,000,000 acres when completed. The great Sutlej Valley project will bring 2,500,000 acres under cultivation within three years. The Upper Chenab Canal has irrigated 1,750,000 acres; and the Sarda Canal, which will be completed in three years, will irrigate an additional 1,750,000 acres.

One of the largest irrigation projects ever undertaken is the Metur Cauvery development in Madras which will require nearly ten years to complete, and which will insure a permanent water supply to more than 1,000,000 acres. The Saugor project, the Tandula Canal, and the Wain-ganga Canal will bring about 500,000 acres under cultivation.

In the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, the Gezira irrigation scheme provides for the irrigation of 300,000 acres that will yield 100,000 bales of the finest grade Egyptian cotton annually. In the Blue Nile and Kassala districts the British plans call for the opening up

of 500,000 acres. The dam at Sennar which makes the Gezira project possible, is 128 feet high, or 16 feet higher than the Assuan dam, and one and a half times as long, making it the longest dam in the world. It creates a reservoir 50 miles long.

Other parts of Africa are being exploited in the same systematic fashion as the Sudan. Uganda has proved an ideal center for cotton-growing, and cotton now constitutes 80 per cent of Uganda's exports. The Uganda Railway, built over difficult country at exorbitant expense, is another evidence of the lengths to which the British have gone in rarrying out their determination to furnish their mills with a cheap supply of cotton.

In Tanganyika, whose area is one and a half times as great as Texas, there are possibilities for the development of one of the most magnificent cotton regions in the world. Already, 35,000 acres are under cultivation. To the south lies Rhodesia, another enormous tract of partially developed land where a steadily increasing cotton crop is being harvested each year. South Africa already produces 30,000 bales a year. Nigeria has an area of 350,000 square miles and a population of 10,000,000 people. Its agricultural possibilities, like those of the other African countries mentioned, are practically limitless.

In Australia there are 375,000,000 acres suitable for cotton-growing, compared with 300,000,000 in the United States, according to the statement of the Australian Premier. The government is keenly alive to the profitable possibilities of cotton-growing and is doing everything to increase the output.

There is still a long road to travel before the combined exports of these numerous and widely scattered territories will be sufficient to supply the English mills; but a determined beginning has been made, and total dependence on the American crop is a thing of the past.

What Has Happened to the Unions?

Condensed from McNaught's Monthly (July '26)

David Warren Ryder

THERE are many symptoms of the sickness of belligerent unionism.

The character and diminishing number of strikes is one. Ten years ago every strike was a hell-roaring, blood-letting affair. "Scabs" took their lives in their hands and invariably worked, ate and slept under heavy guard. It was simply a matter of brute strength; the more pick handles there were broken over the heads of the "scabs" the sooner the employer would capitulate.

Beside the strike of yesterday the strike of today is a pink tea affair. A few pickets are appointed, and occasionally a man has his eye blackened, but the old business of great gangs of men patrolling the streets with blood in their eyes and wagon spokes in their hands is gone. The men may obey the strike order, but they leave the rest to the committee. As for themselves they go fishing or hunting—treating the thing as a kind of vacation. If in a few weeks the strike is not settled, you'll find them tucking away their union cards and going back to work as individuals.

A few may stick by "principle" and hold out; most of them remember payments coming due on sedans or radios or electric pianos, and go back to work, open shop. That is why union officials do their utmost to win a strike before it has gone on for more than a week. If they cannot win it quickly they cannot win it at all. Thus the union officials, instead of the employers, take the initiative now in negotiating for a compromise.

For at least 25 years San Francisco was pointed out as the shining example of what had been done by labor unionism. But now all has been changed. The open shop is in full

force in from 80 to 90 per cent of the industries of the city and the unions have suffered themselves to be shorn of almost all their old power—industrial as well as political. [See "The Unions Lose San Francisco," Reader's Digest, May, 1926, page 31.]

For years the Seattle waterfront was the scene of almost constant fighting, with real head-whacking and bloodshed. There hasn't been a sign of real trouble there now for five or six years. Even the I. W. W. boys work quietly day by day under open shop. And the union stevedores, formerly the toughest gang in all union-dom, ready to strike at the drop of a hat and to smash heads on the slightest provocation, now work steadily without strife or complaint; even belonging to a kind of employers' union in whose affairs they regularly participate.

Yet another telling symptom is the passing of the walking delegate. He was a two-fisted, hard-boiled guy, with a vocabulary that would have shocked a pirate. Talk back to him and you made friends with the emergency hospital staff.

Today, in his place, is a well-groomed, educated, quiet-mannered, soft-spoken business agent. The term "business agent" is a symbol of the thing that has destroyed the fighting spirit of unionism. For business does not, generally speaking, now in these modern times, fight. It talks things over, negotiates, and finally gets together. Fighting is costly, inefficient, wasteful, dangerous. To an offending employer the walking delegate would have said: "Damn you, you well know that I'm a-runnin' this damn job. You put that there man back t' work pronto an' don't give me no more of yer gab, an' get th' hell outa here or

I'll call ev'ry man off'n this job in five minutes."

What does his successor, the business agent, do? He goes to the office of the employer, sends in his card and waits for an audience. Then he says: "Now, Mr. Blank, it will not pay us to quarrel over this matter. Let's just talk it over in a friendly way and I am sure we can come to a mutually satisfactory agreement." In the contrast between these two men and their methods you have full view of the thing that has made the unions what they are today.

The present spirit may keep industrial peace in the community, and no doubt contributes to the "public good." But it certainly does not make for a strong, militant unionism. It does not keep alive the healthy force that enabled the unions to wrest and hold tremendous power all over the land. It does not give the rank and file of uniondom anything to which they can with enthusiasm rally.

As I see the situation, the spirit of the old trade unionism is entirely gone. It could hardly have been otherwise. Responding to the urge of the age, the relations between employer and employe have become standardized; mechanized. The labor unions have ceased to be aggregations of warriors, and have become big or little business organizations—conducting their affairs in a business-like way. The Railroad Brotherhoods, with their banks, their skyscrapers, their coal fields, furnish an excellent illustration. They are a big business institution and when their stockholders (members) are affected by, let us say, a proposed wage change by the railroads, they, as directors, sit down with the railroad directors and negotiate across a table until they have ironed out their differences, in just about the same way that the directors of two different railroad companies would adjust any differences arising between them. Why, the Railroad Brotherhoods even operate some of their coal fields *open shop*; claiming that

they could not operate them profitably otherwise. The big union organizations have too much at stake, too much property or capital involved, to permit the old open warfare that once characterized their relations with industry to take place now. In case of controversy, they approach and settle it in a business-like way. Organization has thus been carried to its inevitable conclusion.

Moreover, most of the union members are now if not actual business men, at least capitalists on a small scale themselves. They own or are buying their own homes. They have put money into stocks and bonds. They are now making payments on motor cars, radio sets, electric pianos and instalment period furniture; and clothing themselves and their families in expensive raiment. A strike would play hob with their whole scheme of existence.

Hence more and more they are against all strikes; against anything that may lead to a strike. Play the game according to the established rules and they can own property, listen to their own radio or electric piano, sit in upholstered furniture, wear silk-weave suits and drive snappy sedans. Anything likely to interfere with this they shun as they would the devil.

Material prosperity has proved a mighty effective soothing syrup. A few doses took the fighting edge off of the most war-like union man, and the repeated doses of the last decade have lulled him so far into a state of vast physical satisfaction that he now accepts the open shop—something which 15 years ago he would have given well-nigh his life to destroy—with no more than a gesture of protest. To be sure he has won a good deal of what he once was found fighting so spiritedly for. But robbed of his will to fight; of the very attribute which made it possible for him to gain these benefits, the question is how long will he—now grown fat and comfortable—be able to hold them?

My Plans for Wayside Inn

Condensed from *Garden and Home Builder* (July '26)

Henry Ford

THE WAYSIDE INN, at South Sudbury, Mass., is one of the oldest in the country. It has housed George Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette and, through Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," has become a part of the nation. It is something that ought to be preserved for all time for the public, and when it came up for sale we bought it for that purpose.

I deeply admire the men who founded this country, and I think we ought to know more about them and how they lived and the force and courage they had. And the best way to show how our forefathers lived, and to bring to mind what kind of people they were, is to reconstruct, as nearly as possible, the exact conditions under which they lived.

At first we had no intention of doing more than buying the inn and restoring it. But, since it is on a public road, there was nothing at all to prevent it from being exploited and the roads lined for half a mile around with peanut and hot-dog stands, and catch-penny places. We had to preserve the setting, and so we bought enough additional land for that. Now we are moving the road because the jarring threatens the Inn's foundations.

We went about getting the Inn back into its original condition—all except one bedroom. This we have named the "Edison Room" and have furnished it as of the time of Mr. Edison's birth.

The Inn had been considerably modernized. We tore out the brick work which had closed up many of the old fireplaces, and now we have 16 big fireplaces—some of them big enough to hold logs that take three men to lift. We have restored the floors. The old inn was originally lighted by candles in wall sconces and in candlesticks. We finally managed to get

sconces such as must have been used in the inn, and to get candle-shaped electric lights which very well imitate the old candles. Then we went out to find some of the old relics of the inn which have disappeared. Most of them have been found. One trunk, for instance, we located and brought back from Kansas. The old Bible we managed to repair, and we put it in a case so that it will last forever. The old clock, made in England in 1710, had not been running for many years. We made new parts to replace the worn ones; the other parts, in spite of all the years of service, were as good as new.

Thus, bit by bit, we have the Inn about as it was when Washington first stayed there during the Revolution. The furniture did not give us much trouble. We had rather a large collection of New England furniture of the period, and the inn itself had a great many pieces which only needed expert repairing.

We next began to put the whole neighborhood into somewhat of its former condition. We picked up two old sawmills of the time—one of them in Rhode Island. These we are re-assembling. On the property was already a grist mill with a breast water wheel which was grinding only feed. This we are putting back into the exact condition it was in during the Revolution—with an over shot wheel—so that it will grind wheat, rye, and corn. We are working on an old blacksmith shop and shall have it ready, with the forge, tools, and benches of the time. Perhaps we shall get more of these shops together, for there is a lesson in the old village industries.

In the barn of the inn we are gathering the coaches and rigs of the time. One of the most interesting of the old coaches is the "Governor Eustis," in which Daniel Webster and Lafayette rode in 1825 to the dedication of the

Bunker Hill Monument. We have a collection of old ploughs and other farming tools, and we have oxen to pull them, just as the pioneers had.

By the time we get through, we expect to have this section, not a museum of Revolutionary days, but a natural working demonstration of how the people of those days lived.

Furnishing the Wayside Inn started us on the way to collecting old furniture and carts and every object used in this country during and since Colonial times. That collection has grown until now it covers several acres in one of our buildings at Dearborn. It is not as yet an ordered collection. One of these days the collection will be put into a museum.

Getting Acquainted with George Washington

(Continued from page 194)

bliss and satisfaction in planting turnips, butchering hogs, grubbing roots, building walls, catching shad, branding cattle, doctoring Negroes and making the annual inventories of stock, implements and slaves. After his marriage it would be difficult to find in his writings any proof that he was actuated by either military or political ambition. He accepted command of the army, he accepted the Presidency diffidently, protesting, genuinely as reluctant as if he were going to his execution. He took no salary when he drew his sword at the request of Congress; for, as he declared, no salary would ever have induced him to undertake the task that they had laid upon him.

Why did the choice fall upon Washington as the indispensable man of the hour? Because they knew him to be a man of tested bravery and toughness. But these were not all. When Patrick Henry was asked who was the greatest man in Congress, he replied: "... If you speak of solid information and sound judgment Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor." Furthermore, Washington's friends knew that he had no ax of his own to grind. They knew him to be sincere in his

professed reluctance to accept leadership. They knew that he was actuated exclusively by a high sense of obligation and positive convictions regarding the rightness of the course which the Congress was taking.

Possessing all these qualities, and each one of them to a degree far in excess of the average man, Washington was a human "tower of strength." And he is today precious to us for the same qualities that made him precious to his own contemporaries. We value him because he impressed his own character upon the young nation. As a people we shall not outgrow him till it goes out of fashion to "pursue a wise, just and liberal policy toward one another and keep good faith with the rest of the world." The only modification which the last quarter century of research has made in his reputation is to humanize and warm it somewhat by a partial restoration of the well-rounded, well-balanced, passionate human being that he was, not merely on the battlefield and in the council chamber but also in the ballroom, on the hunting field, in the turnip patch, roughing it on the Blue Ridge, organizing land development and navigation companies and carrying on a correspondence with an old love.

Science Invades the Farm

Condensed from the Scientific American (July '26)

Archer P. Whallon

THE multiplication of the working capacity of the farmer through an increase in the size of implements is well exemplified by the contrast between the man working with a two-horse, six-foot smoothing harrow, plodding along in the dirt, and the tractor which pulls over 100 feet of the same implement—a contrast about as striking as that between the first-named outfit and the drudging Oriental equipped with a hand rake.

Innovations that revolutionize farming methods by combining in one operation—a single passage over the field—work that must otherwise require several successive operations, are obviously of the greatest economic value. Here, in the initial tasks of plowing and soil fitting a relatively new implement enters—the “once-over” tiller. This machine, furnished for attachment to the ubiquitous small tractor, consists of a plow bottom fitted with a power-driven bladed or toothed rotating member that catches the furrow slice as it turns from the plow and, thoroughly pulverizing it, forms a perfect seed bed at the single passage over the field.

The combined harvester-thresher has now found its place and is revolutionizing grain production throughout the world. There are now around 4000 small-type, combined harvesters in Kansas; and an invasion of the harvest fields of Illinois and Indiana has taken place. These small “combines” may be drawn by light tractors. The grain may be sacked, or in the bulk-grain method, delivered to an accompanying wagon or carried in a tank mounted on the harvester.

The advantage of the “combine” in labor-saving is obvious. One trip over the field and the job is done! There

is no delay during which the crop may be damaged. On the contrary, the grain is in the sack and the field cleared ready to be fitted for another crop—and the farmer has no binder twine or threshing bill to meet. Two or three men do the work of the dozen that are required by the binder or header and by stationary thresher methods. It is even possible, under favorable conditions, for one man to do the whole job.

In monetary terms this works out—for wheat harvesting—to a reduction in cost from \$0.226 per bushel required by the binder and stationary thresher method, to only \$0.034 for the “combine.”

It has long been the prevailing opinion that grain must attain a condition of uniform maturity in order that it may be successfully handled by simultaneous cutting and threshing, a condition only met by a tranquil and somewhat arid climate. More recent experience seems to show that the necessity of this condition has been overestimated; and there appears the further possibility of extending the field of service of the combined harvester through artificial or mechanical curing or drying of the threshed grain.

These labor-saving machines in the grain field have their counterparts in the harvesting of other crops. We have now the combined bean harvester and the combined clover seed huller. The corn picker and the ensilage harvester are working a revolution in corn growing.

Throughout the corn belt, and in all territories where it is not considered desirable to harvest the stalks, the field picker is destined to become the

standard corn harvester. Indeed, so efficient are these machines that for one type the ability to pick pop-corn and green sweet corn for canning is claimed. The picker picks and husks the corn ears and delivers them to an accompanying wagon, the stalks remaining in the field. Not more than two operators are required for the outfits, the tractor-drawn machines having a capacity of from 8 to 10 acres a day, as compared with about an acre and a half for a good hand-picker.

The ensilage harvester cuts the standing corn plant, stalks and ears, converts it into ensilage and delivers it to the accompanying wagon, thus saving the labor of five men on the ordinary silo-filling job.

Root and textile crops are also yielding to mechanical harvesting. In addition to the familiar elevator potato digger, we now have sugar-beet harvesters. This machine cuts the tops from the beets, lifts the roots from the ground, and puts them in piles so that they can be readily picked up. There is also an attachment for saving the tops.

Flax and hemp harvesting machines are passing out of the experimental stage, and there has now been developed a cotton harvester which makes use of the basic idea of suction—the same principle as that employed in the vacuum sweeper. This machine is mounted on a Fordson tractor and can be driven through the rows without damage to the cotton plants. The speed of the operators using the machine is about five times that of hand pickers. While the machine has not as yet found extensive employment, of all the many inventions designed for cotton picking it is by far the most practical and may some day be considered as epoch-making as Whitney's cotton gin.

Although the garden tractor is a small machine, its importance should not be minimized; for these small power plants that supersede horse or man power in garden tillage bid fair to revolutionize the intensive farming

of the world. Their advantage lies not only in the fact that they multiply the output of the laborer from three to five times but in that, unlike the horse, they do not need feed or attention when idle; and they will serve to bring into production small farms and city and suburban lots which are now idle, where cultivation with the horse would be impossible. This feature gives to these small automobiles an opportunity of the first magnitude in transforming the life of crowded agricultural countries. What they may ultimately do for Japan, China, Java, India and other oriental agricultural nations may mean more for the peace and prosperity of the world than the work of the great machines of the grain fields.

The newer methods are of too recent introduction to more than give a hint of their influence on the shift of labor demand; but even now, through large sections of the grain belt, the combined harvester has made the hobo harvest hand—a familiar figure five years ago—a rare species.

The increase in working capital required will tend to enlarge farming units, transforming the small farm into a vegetable and fruit producer that will not attempt competition with the extensive plantation using large and efficient machinery. An increased measure of geographical specialization in grain and staple crop-growing will follow, and excessive crop diversification will show itself an economic failure. On the other hand, the sugar beet harvester, the cotton picker, the bean combine and a score of other specialized farm machines will tend to extend the territory of other crops.

All this, you might say, takes the guess-work out of farming and makes it more profitable. Yes, but it does not necessarily follow that every man on a farm will grow independently rich. A tin Lizzie costs more than old Dobbin. The more machinery you have the greater is the initial capital you have to invest. This fact may well mean fewer farm owners and more tenants.

Seeing America With Jefferson's Eyes

Condensed from *The World's Work* (July '26)

Mark Sullivan

IF Thomas Jefferson, reincarnated in the flesh, were to survey American government today, it is safe to conclude that he would be hard pressed to decide just how much he would be able to salvage from his political philosophy of 1776. Many, to be sure, don't agree with such a suggestion. There have recently been published three extremely good books dealing with Jefferson's life, and certain Democrats hope to put these books out in inexpensive editions, as a means of helping to restore the Democratic party to power.

Jefferson, were he to review the past, might divide the 150 years into two periods, of which the earlier would consist of the first 100 years. For the first 100 years of our history, all the political genius we possessed had to be occupied with one problem, slavery. It was not until that somber incubus was out of the way that America had the opportunity to show such political genius as it had. Worst of all, this American experiment in government was a pioneer experiment in democracy, and slavery—the presence of a large number of persons whom we couldn't bring ourselves to treat democratically—was for more than 100 years an extraordinary impediment to democratic thinking and democratic practice.

The existence of slavery was a tragedy. The fact that we did not seem able to find any way of ending it, except through war, was an even greater tragedy. The Civil War, the fact that an intelligent, modern nation were able to start killing each other more readily than they were able to find any one of several other ways of ending slavery—that is one

of the most depressing tragedies of history.

Yet another tragedy is to be found in what followed the Civil War. Jefferson, 100 years after the Declaration of Independence, would have found in his own South educational conditions that might readily have saddened him to silence. Jefferson prized education; in the inscription he wrote for his own tombstone he included his founding of the University of Virginia, but omitted the fact that he had been President of the United States. After the Civil War, in Jefferson's own Virginia, he would have found one of the two oldest seats of learning in the United States reduced to the faintest hold on life.

In the last 50 years, since 1876, Jefferson would find, a good deal has happened. The most definite step between 1876 and 1900 was in the direction of asserting democratic control over "Big Business," illustrated by the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the control of railroads, and the Sherman Act to control trusts.

Between 1900 and the present, a good many innovations came which Jefferson would study pretty closely:

The *Direct Primary*, in 1900 (and in some states the initiative, referendum, and recall), which gave the people increased control over the selection of their officials and greatly reduced the power of party machines.

The "*Insular Cases*," 1901. The decisions of the Supreme Court made the adjustments whereby the Government was enabled to possess and to administer dependencies.

Conservation, beginning with the Reclamation Act, in 1902. This reversed the government's previous poli-

cy of expediting the transfer of public lands into private ownership.

The "*Lottery Case*," 1903. This Supreme Court decision opened the way for a Federal police power, later exercised in the Pure Food Act, the Meat Inspection Act, and other "public welfare" laws.

The *direct election of United States Senators*, 1913. This further increased the control of the people in selecting their representatives.

The *graduated income tax*, 1912. This was an extension of the power of the Federal Government over private property.

Elevation of Organized Labor, illustrated by the Adamson eight-hour law, 1916.

The *draft of men for war*, 1917; an increase of the power exercised by the government over the individual.

National prohibition, 1920.

National woman suffrage, 1920.

The *limitation of naval armament*, Washington Conference, 1921.

Immigration restriction and selection, 1921 and 1924. The quota plan adopted was the first American assertion of intention to control the composition of its human stock.

Jefferson would be struck by the number of prohibitions in American life. Several thousand laws, state and national, are passed every year. In addition, many of the regulations that bother us most come from city councils, police officers and other officials. Jefferson, who prized liberty and fought for freedom, would find this large quantity of regulation explained primarily by the immense increase in population, and the increased density of that population. Next, would come the increased velocity of the unit of population.

Before the automobile, the velocity of the individual was a walk or a run, or a horse's trot. "Keep to the right" was all the traffic code there was in America 25 years ago, and there was no such thing as a traffic policeman. Today, with the increased velocity of automobile locomotion, the

traffic code alone, in a normal city fills a larger book than would have contained all the laws and regulations of all the governments, national, state, and municipal, that existed in the United States when Jefferson became President.

I believe the most conspicuous prohibition of all is directly related to the coming of the automobile. Henry Ford says so: "When the automobile came, booze had to go." In the old days when a man had spent the evening in a saloon, his horse, supplying whatever portion of the driver's intellect had been left behind in the barroom, would carry him safely home. The automobile does not permit that much latitude.

Less than 25 years ago, if a man should start to go the 40 miles between the center of Washington, D. C., and the center of Baltimore, for example, he would pass some 200 or 300 saloons. It is a reasonable query whether the most ardent resister of national prohibition, the most convinced Jeffersonian, would care to make that 40-mile journey today in an automobile under the old conditions of alcoholic saturation.

When Jefferson wrote his theories of government, the people to whom he meant to adapt them did not have, or need, even a game law. It is when population becomes dense that real political problems arise. That is at the bottom of Great Britain's troubles, and of Italy's turning to dictatorship. Considering the problems that European statesmen have for a long time been compelled to meet, one must admit that our statesmen have had little opportunity to become much more than amateurs.

The one measurable success of American democracy in the last 50 years has been achieved by its willingness to get away from Jefferson, its initiative and courage in finding ways to adapt modern industry to democratic ideals of government, but at the same time to keep a good deal of the individual liberty that was America's early ideal.

This Vulgarly of Ours

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (July '26)

Katharine Fullerton Grould

MANY of our fellow-countrymen—and keenest critics—spend a lot of time accusing modern America of vulgarity. Mr. Sinclair Lewis, for example, makes American vulgarity the chief theme of his best-sellers, and Mr. Mencken tells us all about it once a month. To cry out in denial is in itself "vulgar"; which turns behavior into a vicious circle.

What is vulgarity? A good deal of the every-day talk about vulgarity refers only to a lack of superficial sophistication in other people, and is based on the conviction that what is good in the eyes of the many must, for the sake of their personal distinction, be despised by the few. Snobbishness, in other words. One must have a better basis than that to go on—in a democracy.

"Vulgarity is one of the forms of death," Ruskin says somewhere. The value of Ruskin's statement lies in its vague reference to moral and spiritual and aesthetic values, to something more vital than superficial manners and customs. That which makes against veritable life, that which is necessarily impermanent, having no hold on eternal laws, that which destroys the spirit—what else could Ruskin have meant us to infer from his statement?

And that must be something more vital than patent rockers or gum-chewing or illiterate speech. Ruskin would have included all these, no doubt, since they are crimes against beauty, and beauty is one of the handmaids of God. I think we might assume that in anything properly called vulgar there is some vital untruth, some profound inaccuracy.

What does the average American desire most? Are the objects of his desire worthy? That is how we must find out whether the average Ameri-

can is vulgar or not. The fact is—and it is at the root of most of our real vulgarity—that we are servants of Mammon. We want, as a people, I believe, to serve God; yet we are forever attempting the double servitude which we were told, nearly 2000 years ago, was impossible. We worship money without knowing very well what money is good for. We worship, that is, an unknown god. The quick fortune always makes for vulgarity; "new-rich" has, for decades been, in all civilized countries, a synonym for "vulgar". Owing to our vastness and resources, we have created more of these sudden fortunes than any other nation. The average American hopes, if he does not exactly expect, to be rich before he dies. I doubt if you could say that of the citizen of any other country. He wants money—and other things afterwards. Because the American begins, very young, to work for money, he does not have time, by the way, to consider how best to use the money when he finally gets it. He tends to think that the most expensive thing is necessarily the best. That is why so much of man-made America is ugly. Good taste is, alas! unless it is inborn, the fruit of leisure, of gazing and comparing. What American has time for that? With our worship of specialization and "efficiency," it is not expected that a man should know about reciprocating engines and also about architecture or furniture. When his reciprocating engines give him money enough to play with, he employs some man who has capitalized his real or pretended knowledge of beauty. As the other man is also out to make money, the results often offend the eye. Nothing is sadder than the rich man desirous of purchasing

beauty and purchasing ugliness because he does not know.

In so far as vulgarity is a question of aesthetics alone, we perhaps tend to be vulgar. Yet I believe it to be true that our public buildings, our houses, our decorations in general are better than the corresponding inventions in Europe. European towns, houses, people have been fortunate in keeping a great deal of beauty over from periods when people seemingly knew more about it. If in Europe we could isolate and collect the authentic achievements of the last 50 years—see, in an English, a French, an Italian town only the product that is contemporary with most of ours—I fancy we should have no reason to be ashamed of America. The *nouveau riche* in Europe acquires a beautiful old house, and puts in electric light, central heating, and a few bathrooms. His aesthetic success is ready-made for him, and he contributes only comfort. We cannot do that; we must achieve from the ground up. And there can be no question, I think, that we do that better than Europe does.

The modern American house is apt to be much better than the modern European villa. As for our civic centers, our public parks and squares, our commemorative monuments, do they not tend to be better than the Albert Memorial, the Hindenburg statue, the Victor Emmanuel monument?

We have been handicapped. We have not had the past to guide us at every turn; we have not an inherited aristocracy to imitate closely. We are migratory, and our fortunes are as shifting as our habitat. Large sections of our country are devoid of striking natural beauty to assist and inspire. Yet I venture to say that there is more desire for beauty and resolution to achieve it in the average American heart than in the average heart of any other civilized people. We have admirable architects, and a great many of them. And decorators flourish nowhere as in the

United States, though the decorators are not so admirable as the architects.

So much for "taste" in the ordinary sense. If Mammon has been at once the foe and the friend of aesthetic values (for sometimes the rich man trusts the right expert) Mammon has unquestionably been the foe of taste in other and deeper respects. The by-products of Christianity have been, on the whole good, as no one will deny who contemplates history from the fourth century onward. But the by-products of Mammon-worship are almost altogether bad. The average American, caring really more about money than about anything else, recognizing no hierarchy save that of wealth, and believing that if he is rich all things will be added unto him, none the less has to talk and behave as if he were a member of a Christian civilization. He is still trying to reconcile God and Mammon.

That the dishonesty inevitably resulting is vulgar no one could deny. Honest religion, no matter what some people say, never made anybody vulgar. The worship of money, on the other hand, has always bred vulgarity. When the Israelites, weary of waiting for Moses' return, and forgetful in his absence of Jehovah, melted up their earrings to make a golden calf, and then proceeded to worship it, they did precisely what we are doing now. They treated as a god something that was not a god. When people revere money for itself, they become idolaters. You have only to realize that the man who is most respected in America is the man who has more money than he can possibly spend, to see the way in which we have come to falsify values. Formerly a man was respected for his fortune because of what his fortune brought him: his way of life, his education, his comfortable home, his practical wisdom, the advantages he could give his children. Now it suffices that he should be able to buy these things:

it is not necessary that he should buy them. When we see a man with more money than he can apply, we stop questioning; we are too dazzled even to assume; we simply goggle with admiration.

That goggling, I venture to say, is vulgar. Nor can it be denied that it is general. We all know whom Babbitt admires and would like to model himself upon: the man of great wealth.

A real religion does not take all a man's time, though it may influence all his life. Mammon, however, comes very near taking all a man's time. Hence the fact we were noting, that the average American does not have time to civilize himself completely. Leisure is not his; and the leisure that he gets, he is too tired to employ in any valuable way. His experience shows him that neither art nor letters, neither history nor philosophy, neither music nor sport, will help him to make money. Therefore, he has no time for them—only time for the kind of relaxation to which he does not have to contribute anything except cash: a drive in the car, a movie to look at, a radio to listen to, a game to watch where professionals do the work. It is a commonplace that the successful American business man goes to pieces when he retires because he has not kept in reserve other interests. The American business man on a European holiday has given our comic artists and our satiric novelists a great deal of material. Surely the explanation of that absurd figure is not any fundamental lack of quality in his class or race but the tragic thing his life has been: forced as he has been into cash-acquiring too young to have learned other things, kept at it so arduously that he has lost the habit of leisure and the power to use it, and necessarily proud of this state of things because the service of Mammon is supposed to be virtuous.

Mammon imposes no duty on his servants save the rigorous duty of

success. Without any illusions as to the founders of great families in older countries, one may none the less say that a recognized aristocracy is a little more apt to cherish a tradition than an unrecognized one. When only wealth counts, there is no guarantee of an inherited tradition, since wealth notoriously passes. "From shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations" was never, in America, an absolute rule, but it was always a strong probability. The rich man who was made a peer, on the other hand, was inducted into a group that stood, in part, for something besides mere wealth. No one would desire, now or ever, to establish an hereditary aristocracy on American soil, even could it be done. But it is good for us to remember that a society is worth nothing unless it discriminates, and that the whole validity of democracy lies in its power to discriminate not according to birth or wealth, but according to real and proved superiority. * * *

All that it comes to is this: that no doubt the average American is in some ways vulgar, as the average citizen of any nation is in some ways vulgar; but that his vulgarity has perhaps, of late, been overemphasized. Our novelists, for example, have tended in the last 20 years, to select vulgar people to portray, and to declare them typical. I myself, admire *Babbitt* more than anything else Mr. Lewis has written. It comes very near being great satire. I am not able to admire Mr. Sherwood Anderson's accounts of the men he considers average citizens. One has known the people Mr. Lewis is satirizing: one has not known the people Mr. Anderson is sentimentalizing. I cannot help believing that the American average is nearer gentility, finds real gentility easier to achieve, than most national averages.

Americans, we are sometimes told, are the greatest idealists in the world. At any rate, a degree of idealism must be granted us. If facts of earthquake, disease, cruelty, dire

poverty are set before us convincingly, we do put our hands into our pockets more deeply perhaps than other people. We adopt more Armenians and inoculate more heathen against disease than do most European citizens. Anything except money and bustling physical activity we find it hard to give: attention, mental effort, sympathetic understanding, helpful legislation. We are an extraordinary combination of generosity and bad manners, of impulsive charity and mean, suspicious prudence.

We are not prevallying an aesthetic breed—the stock we came from is not prevallying aesthetic. Yet I sometimes wonder if justice is done by the critics to the thousands upon thousands of lovely houses, lovely rooms, lovely gardens scattered through the land from Maine to California. I think, too, of the spontaneous kindness of man to man in America. A large part of the mess we are in is due, as we have said, to our materialism. We have been so preoccupied with making money that we have not paid proper attention to the other duties of the citizen. We have let our politics, our manners, our mental processes go bad, all for lack of attention. The

average American tends to believe what he is told; he is carried away by clever phrases; he tends to confuse issues; and, above all, being uneducated in political theory, he considers legislation a panacea rather than an expedient. The average American runs to the refuge of a bill or a statute as a child to its mother's lap; he believes that in passing a law he is not simply policing the Devil but exorcising him, not merely influencing human conduct but improving human nature.

In so far as we are materialists, content to see in anything its cash value, we are, of course, vulgar. But I believe that no one can deny that the average American has in his heart genuine aspirations, in many fields, to what is lovely and of good report. We carry, I believe, fewer of the seeds of vulgarity in us than many other peoples. Taking us in the mass, we are more conscious of the claims of beauty than we were some decades ago . . . and if we would but once realize that the golden calf was made (as in Exodus) out of our own earrings, with no validity beyond his mere substance, we should find ourselves making more accurate equations of every sort.

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Whither Leads Standardization?

Condensed from *The Century Magazine* (June '26)

Charles Edward Russell

STANDARDIZATION'S next great step, already under way, is strictly to root out our superfluous plants and duplicated organizations. If there was no sense in maintaining 62 kinds of paving-brick we used to make and did not need, there is no sense in maintaining 62 plants and overheads that we need as little. When we had 44 factories making 44 kinds of ear-muffs the theory was that each of these kinds was better than the rest and must have a plant to itself. When we reduce all ear-muffs to one we junk that theory and may as well junk a line of plants to go with it. Why have 57 plants, 57 interest-charges, insurance-charges, inventories, staffs, payrolls, advertising accounts, labor contracts, when you can get along with, say, seven, or five, or three of each of these varieties of trouble and expense?

Reason in all things. In the Department of Commerce hope springs eternal that standardization may yet work to preserve the small plant. So a hundred years ago men might have hoped the railroad would preserve the stage-coach. While they hope, before their eyes the small plant dries up and blows away.

As Exhibit A, we file *Plants That Manufacture Newspapers*. The population increases; the number of newspapers steadily declines. It is the mutation inevitable. Chicago has two morning newspapers. When it had much less than half of its present population it had seven. Detroit with 200,000 people had three morning newspapers; with more than a million people it has but one morning newspaper. When this generation was young New York City rejoiced in 11 of these morning luminaries; today it has five, although it numbers three times the population of 1890. Where

are the others? Standardized out of existence. Why print something under one name in one street and then print it under another name in another street?

The same thing has been going on with less noise in other lines of production. How many smaller concerns have been combined into the great General Motors? Easily and often unnoted, once flourishing corporations disappear from view into a system unified for efficiency and economy. Hardly a week passes without the announcement of some other combination, big or little, swept together by the same fateful hand. Recently, for example, four old, well known, long prosperous companies engaged in the making of motor omnibuses were united in one great concern. Production will be standardized, costs cut, duplicated efforts eliminated. Do not overlook the significant fact that 30 years ago there would have gone up the wild piercing cry, "A Trust! A Trust!" and government would have been implored to save us from the octopus. Nobody trembles now. Trusts are increased efficiency, greater economy.

The same irresistible power has produced the chain-store and made railroad consolidation a policy of governments. In Great Britain one day there were 137 railroad companies; next day there were only four. We move the same way; witness the huge railroad combinations reported every few weeks. In ten years we shall have not more than 15 real railroad companies in all the United States, and there will be a happy end to even the pretense of competition.

Or for another exhibit, take banks. All about the country bank consolidations fall in faster than they can be noted. Why have five banks when one

would be cheaper, better, and safer? . . . Thus it appears that in all lines of human endeavor, under the pressure of an insuperable power, simplification and unification must be more and more the rule. . . .

But turn now to the fields of domestic politics and see what mass production has already effected there. Observe, first, our exports and imports. The annual excess of exports over imports in recent years runs from \$375,000,000 to \$981,000,000. The statistics reveal us as piling up year by year the amount due us from foreign countries, year by year growing more and more the world's great creditor nation.

Suppose mass production to continue to expand and improve, trade-balances must remain substantially on our side. Whereupon will arise this sobering question: Can a great creditor nation maintain a high tariff?

This has nothing to do with soap-boxes or hobby-horses, theories or doctrines. It is merely a question of fact. We are accumulating great trade-balances in our favor. Ordinarily trade-balances are paid in gold, securities, or goods. These cannot be paid in gold; we have all the gold there is. If we take securities we shall only swell by the amount of the interest-charges the next year's trade-balance. Goods alone are left, and as to goods—there stands the tariff wall.

Meantime standardization, prohibition, and better methods have increased the national efficiency until we have overtaken our high wage-levels and can make things demanded abroad more cheaply than any other nation can make them. Protection was devised to foster infant industries. When an infant can go out into the world and wallop all comers of all ages, some one is sure to say it no longer needs the nursing-bottle. When we can lay down cotton-duck almost anywhere abroad more cheaply than any mill in England, what is the use of 65 per cent duty on cotton-duck? When we can go to Europe and out-sell German makers of electrical goods, what need of a tariff on electrical goods?

Before long questions like these will be hard upon us. The tariff question is already splitting the political parties; and it is clear enough that the next congressional and presidential elections will be fought largely on this issue.

Next, in international affairs and relations, standardization promises to have historic results. That it has bound us upon a course of marvelous expansion in the world's markets is in itself alluring, but still there lurks upon it the grim fact that we win into those markets only as we elbow some one else out of them. Elbowing is a process first of irritation, then of exasperation. Applied to marketing it produces always international hatreds and usually international wars. For years before the World War Germany had been notoriously elbowing Great Britain from some of the choicest of all markets, and we know what followed upon that abrasion. We have had for years an active agitation in favor of some form of virtual alliance with Great Britain. This threat of an Anglo-Saxon or English-speaking domination has driven the smaller and especially the Latin countries together into a defensive alliance, and the world has begun to present again the spectacle of two armed and hostile camps.

But the nation we shall chiefly elbow from markets is Great Britain. The mercantile marine that we shall chiefly supersede, if we resume our place as a maritime power, is the British mercantile marine. If anything has been proved by human experience it is that these commercial antagonisms take not the slightest heed of sentiment. If we pursue the road we are now traveling commercially there will be an abrupt ending to all talk about Anglo-Saxon fraternity, and the hands we are now urged to extend across the sea will be two doubled-up fists. It is all in history, if one cares to seek it there. The rapid rise of the United States as a maritime power was the chief underlying and originating cause of the War of 1812.

The Discovery of Anesthesia

Condensed from *Hygeia* (July '26)

Hugh H. Young

IN comparison with surgical anesthesia, all other contributions to medical science are trivial. Before anesthesia, surgery was a horror! Surgical operations were dreadful ordeals, a hell to the patients, a purgatory to the surgeons. The frightful shrieks from the hospital operating rooms filled those waiting their turn in the wards with terror.

The awful experiences of operative surgery and the attendant high mortality caused the best minds in medicine to avoid operations. Indeed, for centuries many major operations in Europe were left to itinerant quacks, and in England the barber surgeons did the work while the medical profession stood by and vainly tried to assuage the anguish of the patient.

Since the beginning of medical history our records show that the never despairing hope of physicians was to conquer pain and thus be allowed to carry out surgical procedures with tranquil thoroughness rather than in a mad rush against pain and death.

"Sacred, profane and mythological literature abound in incident, fact and fancy showing that since earliest times man has sought to assuage pain by some means of dulling consciousness," says Gwathmey. "In these attempts many methods and diverse agents have been employed. The inhalation of fumes from various substances, weird incantations, the external and internal application of drugs and many strange concoctions, pressure on important nerves and blood vessels, magnetism and mesmerism, etc., have played their part in the evolution of anesthesia."

Mandragora was used by both Greeks and Romans for hundreds of years to produce sleep, and Asiatics

employed hashish to dull consciousness of pain. Later, opium and hemlock were used.

It was not until the early chemical discoveries of hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen and nitrous oxide in the latter part of the 18th century that the way was found for a scientific anesthesia. Sir Humphrey Davy said, in 1800, "Since nitrous oxide is capable of destroying pain it may be used in surgical operations," and 25 years later Hickman anesthetized rabbits with nitrous oxide and carried out many operations on them successfully without a struggle. However, these demonstrations were unheeded, and the surgical theater continued to be a torture chamber.

But nitrous oxide and sulphuric ether, neglected by the medical profession, were seized on by the populace, who found in them a pleasant means of becoming exhilarated. Itinerant lecturers on the marvels of chemistry roamed over the country and popularized their meetings by giving young people ether to breathe, while the audiences roared with laughter over their unconscious antics on the stage.

Knowledge of these drugs reached even to the distant rural hamlets. In one of these, Jefferson, Ga., many miles from a railroad, Crawford W. Long was practicing medicine. Fresh from the University of Pennsylvania, he knew of the exhilarating properties of these drugs and frequently furnished ether to young men who met at his office for an "ether frolic" in the winter of 1841-1842. But let him tell his story:

"They were so much pleased with its effects that they afterwards frequently used it and induced others to

do the same, and the practice soon became quite fashionable in the county.

"On numerous occasions I inhaled ether for its exhilarating properties, and would frequently, at some short time subsequent to its inhalation, discover bruised or painful spots on my person, which I had no recollection of causing and which I felt satisfied were received while under the influence of ether. I noticed that my friends, while etherized, received falls and blows that I believed were sufficient to produce pain on a person not in a state of anesthesia. On questioning them they uniformly assured me that they did not feel the least pain from these accidents. Observing these facts, I was led to believe that anesthesia was produced by the inhalation of ether, and that its use would be applicable in surgical operations.

"The first patient to whom I administered ether in a surgical operation was James M. Venable. It was given to Mr. Venable on a towel, and when fully under its influence I extirpated a tumor on his neck. The patient continued to inhale ether during the time of the operation, and, when informed that it was over, seemed incredulous until the tumor was shown him. He gave no evidence of suffering during the operation, and assured me, after it was over, that he did not experience the least degree of pain from its performance. This operation was performed on Mar. 30, 1842."

Here, then, was the first successful attempt to render a patient insensible to pain during a surgical operation! Long did not rush into print, but like a painstaking scientist quietly continued his work, removing another tumor on the same patient a few weeks later, and then amputating a toe under complete ether anesthesia in July. His meager practice furnished him only a few surgical cases each year. He continued to operate under ether, while he bided his time, waiting for a major operation before publishing his claims to a discovery that he well realized would revolutionize surgery.

In 1896, I chanced to meet Mrs. Fanny Long Taylor, who amazed me by saying that her father was the discoverer of surgical anesthesia. I had heard only of Morton, in whose honor, as the discoverer of anesthesia, a great celebration was in preparation in Boston. I was thrilled when she said she could put Dr. Long's documentary proof in my hands, and a few days later I went through his time-stained papers, case histories, account books, affidavits from patients, attendants, physicians in his town and elsewhere in Georgia, and from professors of the University of Georgia, all of which furnished overwhelming proof of the originality of his discovery.

Jackson and Morton united in claiming the discovery in 1846, Morton admitting that he got the idea from Jackson. Wells then came forth with his claim of having used nitrous oxide in 1844. Morton and Jackson subsequently fell out, and Dr. Jackson, hearing of Long's claims, visited him in Georgia to investigate them, and then generously wrote a long letter to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal setting forth in detail the genuineness of Dr. Long's claims.

The next years witnessed a sad spectacle of litigation and controversy between the rival New England claimants for a bonus from Congress for the discovery of anesthesia. In this Dr. Long took no part, but a presentation of his documents by Senator Dawson of Georgia promptly killed the bill to give Morton \$100,000.

That the general usage of ether in surgery came after the surgeons of the Massachusetts General Hospital had operated on persons anesthetized by Morton in October, 1846, no one will gainsay. But in this epoch-making discovery there is surely glory enough for all. No true friend of Long would try to belittle the great achievements of Morton and his surgical co-workers in Boston from which world-wide recognition of the possibility of surgical anesthesia came.

Making a Living in France

Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post* (June 12, '26)

Jesse Rainsford Sprague

The Pharmacist

BUSINESS in France moves slowly, methodically. To take chances is bad business. The French are a nation of small proprietors, one succeeding another in endless procession, each playing his game safely until the time arrives when he has a competence, when he passes his affairs on to another.

There is, for instance, the Pharmacie of the Better Health, located near the Boulevard St-Germain in Paris. Monsieur Etienne Rigaud, the present proprietor, cannot himself say how many fortunes have been made in it since it first opened its doors years before the Grand Revolution. When he was 15 years of age, Monsieur Rigaud apprenticed himself to the owner of the Pharmacie of the Better Health. According to law, he was obliged to have a high-school diploma before he could enter upon his apprenticeship. He worked one year as apprentice, putting in full time. During the following four years the law compelled his master to allow him time from his duties to attend the courses of the pharmacy school. While apprentice and part-time worker he received pay equal to \$2.50 a week. After gaining his diploma he was advanced from time to time until he attained the top pay for registered pharmacists in France—\$45 a month.

A hard road, one thinks, to lead only to such pay? One must remember that in France few salaried men of any sort receive more than that sum, and many receive less. Also, Etienne Rigaud was not thinking alone of the pay. He knew that according to French custom his employer would have his competence and wish to retire. And who would be a more logical purchaser of the pharmacy

than the employe who was on cordial terms with all the clients?

In the bank was a full thousand dollars to Monsieur Etienne's credit, the economies of his \$45-a-month pay. To accumulate this sum had not been easy, but he knew all the time his credit as a business man would be judged by his ability to save while an employe.

How had he managed it? Well, his wife looked after the family finances. Their apartment of two rooms and a kitchen was on the sixth floor of a building that had no elevator. It seemed hard to climb all those stairs, but one was consoled by the cheaper rent—only \$7 a month. Madame Rigaud walked each day with a basket to the public market, where one bought things cheaper than at the shops. On his weekly day of leisure they went to the Garden of the Tuilleries to hear the band play, or did window shopping on the Boulevard St-Germain. Once or twice a month they attended the neighborhood cinema. Not an exciting life, surely, but pleasant in its way; and always there was the bank account that grew larger as the months went by.

So Monsieur Etienne bought the Pharmacie of the Better Health with \$1000 as first payment and signed notes for the balance. One is glad to state that his affairs go well and that in another year he will be free from debt. To be the owner of a pharmacy in France means much, for it is of all retail lines the most solid. During three whole years there have been but two bankruptcies among the pharmacists in the entire country.

There is good reason for this. The government itself prevents undue competition, limiting the number of pharmacies according to population. The government believes that too

much competition might result in a lowering of the standard of goods sold to the public.

The Striker

At present Jean Gendreau, of Marseilles, is out of work because of a strike declared by the Metal Workers' Union, of which he is a member. Each morning he attends a meeting of strikers and listens to earnest orators denouncing capital. The trouble in France is that the cost of living is five times what it was before the war. One must pay ten francs for a dozen eggs. Two francs for a loaf of bread. Eight francs for a pound of coffee. As for clothing, it is hardly worth while to discuss the prices because everything is so far beyond the reach of the ordinary workman!

One hopes with Jean Gendreau that the strike may be won, for the demands of the metal workers do not seem unreasonable, considering that the actual costs of necessities of life are not far below those current in the United States. The strikers ask that the union pay be raised from 22 to 25 francs a day. If the workers attain their aim their wages will be increased, in terms of American money, from 75 cents to 85 cents for a day's work.

The Waiter

Louis Potin has every appearance of contentment when he waits graciously upon the clients of the select restaurants near the Place de l'Opera in Paris. Indeed he should be content, for he is among the leaders of his profession. Scores of patrons know him by name and ask to be seated at his tables. Financially he does well. He receives his board free. His tips, which constitute his wages, average 60 francs a day, or about \$2 in American money.

Yet Louis Potin is not altogether content, for he feels that his profession is slipping from under him. He himself served his apprenticeship in the days when five years' training was considered necessary; but now he hears young fellows call themselves waiters who know nothing about cook-

ing, who cannot intelligently advise a client in the choice of a meal and whose manners altogether lack diplomacy. Louis Potin blames the hard times in France for these conditions. Since the war, food is terribly high in price; therefore all sorts of men try to be waiters, because they are boarded free. Restaurant owners employ them, because such men are willing to work extra long hours and even give up a percentage of their tips, although such arrangements are strictly forbidden by French law.

Happily there are some men wise enough to know the value of fine training. Of late years in France many companies have been organized that operate little shops selling canned goods, oils, condiments, and the like.

These companies have found that the waiters of the old school, with their fine manners and their ability to please people, make splendid managers of their shops. Louis Potin has made his application for such a position. The business-investigation bureau has reported favorably on his steadiness and his freedom from sporting instincts. There remains only the money; and unless affairs go badly he will have the necessary amount in the bank within the year.

The Stenographer

Mademoiselle Yvonne Duflos jokingly alludes to herself as a war casualty, and in a way her allusion is quite appropriate. At present she is a stenographer in a Paris firm that manufactures toilet preparations. Much of the firm's business is with the United States; Mademoiselle Duflos therefore is obliged to take dictation in both French and English, and her ability to do so accounts for her splendid pay of \$35 a month, fully a third more than the average earning of the Paris stenographer who knows but one language.

Mademoiselle Duflos was really intended for a career in society rather than that of business. Her family comes from one of the conservative old towns in Brittany, where her father for many years practiced the

profession of lawyer. Before the war he sold his practice and retired from active life. Mademoiselle Duflos was sent to England to learn the English language and to complete her education in a select school for young ladies.

The enterprises in which the fortune of her father was invested have never paid dividends. One of the investments was particularly unfortunate. As is usual with French families of position, a certain sum had been set aside for the daughter's marriage portion, and this sum was in bonds of the old Russian Government.

In her direct French way Mademoiselle Duflos states frankly that she would prefer a home and marriage to a life of business. But conditions in France are hard. She might have cared for the young journalist, but his salary was only \$40 a month. There was the charming professor, but he did not earn even that much. Always, one sees, there is need for a marriage portion; but the Soviet Government of Russia shows no present indications of redeeming the obligations of its predecessor, and, unhappily, Mademoiselle Duflos will be 30 years of age on her next birthday.

The Grocer

Although he has not yet passed his 27th birthday, Monsieur Georges Criadon is proprietor of a prosperous grocery store near the Rue La Fayette in Paris and takes in every day more than 1500 francs. Two years ago, when he bought the grocery store, it averaged less than 600 francs.

To comprehend Georges' story one must know something of French business methods. In France it is almost universal that business men retire as soon as they have a safe competence. When the gentleman who formerly owned the grocery store near the Rue La Fayette was ready to make his retirement, he naturally looked for a suitable young man as purchaser of his business. Where should he be most likely to find such a young man? In the establishment of his friend, the big grocer in the Place de la Bastille, of course. It is a matter of French

business ethics that such requests be honored. The big grocer recommended Georges Criadon, then 24 years old and risen to position of head salesman.

Still, there was the matter of money. The invoice value of the grocery store was 67,000 francs. In France, where it is such a general custom for business men to retire as soon as they have a competence, there are organizations whose function it is to assist in these dilemmas. The gentleman applied to a company of investigation for information about Georges Criadon.

The first question was whether Monsieur Georges had saved money out of his salary. This was vital, because business men believe a person's self-control is shown by his economies. The company of investigation learned that Monsieur Georges not only had an account in the savings bank but that during a period of more than a year he had not failed each Tuesday to deposit a portion of his wages. It was found also that Monsieur Georges had never been known to go to the races; he did not frequent cafes; his landlady stated that he kept reasonable hours and that she had never found a betting slip in his chamber during all the years he had been her lodger. When the gentleman had paid the company of investigation its fee he had in his hands practically every detail, financial and social, of the life of the man to whom he intended to offer his grocery business on credit terms.

Already Monsieur Georges has the establishment more than half paid for, which is not remarkable when one recalls that the receipts have increased from 600 francs to 1500 francs a day. Only lately he has been offered 100,000 francs for the business. Some day Monsieur Georges will sell, for he has an ambitious plan. He intends to make a practice of acquiring, one after the other, establishments that are a little run down and selling them at an advance after he has built them up again.

The Retired Business Man

When one is never sure that the money in one's pocket will be worth

as much tomorrow as it is today, what is the natural tendency? Why, to get rid of it as soon as possible, of course, so that the loss, if any, may fall on someone else. For this reason business in France at present is splendid. Everyone is anxious to exchange his money for articles of permanent value. People buy furniture, diamonds, Oriental rugs, antiques. Department stores expand their premises. Owners of factories purchase machinery and equipment for future use. Even the printing trade booms, as business firms place huge orders for printing, anticipating their requirements for years to come.

Monsieur Rageneau, of Bordeaux, is sorry that he sold his printing plant just before the war, although at the time it seemed the thing to do. In 1914 Monsieur Rageneau was 55 years of age, and the money he received for his business, invested in government bonds, yielded him an income of 6000 francs a year, or about \$1000 in American money. On this it was possible to live splendidly, even to keep a horse and carriage.

Monsieur Rageneau has always received interest on his bonds promptly;

his income is still 6000 francs a year. But the 6000 francs now buy less than one-fifth as much as they did before the war. Based on American money, the present income of Monsieur Rageneau is \$18 a month. His former printing business is more prosperous than it has ever been. The present owner has an automobile and chauffeur, while Monsieur Rageneau long ago had to give up his horse and carriage. Monsieur Rageneau has in fact had to give up all his luxuries. He has not had a new suit of clothes in more than three years, and his wife has not had a new dress during that time. He no longer goes to the cafe afternoons to meet his old friends, because to do so it is necessary to purchase at least a cup of coffee and he cannot afford to spend the three cents.

Each day Monsieur Rageneau borrows a newspaper from a neighbor and reads anxiously the latest news as to the value of the franc. If the franc should go lower, he hardly knows what he will do, for one cannot live on much less than \$18 a month, and in France at 67 years of age it is difficult for one to make a new start in life.

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On the Summer-School Campus

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (July '26)

Raymond Walters, Dean of Swarthmore College

AT scores of American colleges and universities there are assembled summer-school students numbering well over 300,000. Here is an educational development that has shot forward in the past decade with possibilities undreamed of 30 years ago. The possibilities concern every adult, because the university summer school supports the theory that education is not an affair of youth alone, but of adult life as well. More appealing still, to all parents, is the fact that the university summer school concerns their John and Mary through the teachers of John and Mary. For, although there is an increasing number of miscellaneous students, the majority of the 300,000 summer-school students are teachers. If democracy is dependent upon public education, the summer school is important because it peculiarly serves the public-school teacher.

It has been in the past ten years that the tremendous summer-school development has come. Great as has been the post-war tide of regular students at colleges and universities, it has been surpassed by the summer-school tide. For example, at 27 universities having summer schools the total enrollment of the regular year increased 70 per cent from 1915 to 1925. In the same ten years the total summer-school enrollment of these institutions increased 140 per cent.

If we were to follow Elizabeth Smith, who teaches your Mary in the third grade, through a July day at Columbia we should find her an eager sharer in a session that offers more than a thousand different courses to 13,000 students. She delights in the atmosphere of Teachers College. She

learns that, far from being cold or stilted or "pedantic," the new educational methods are intensely human and that the instructors are worthy expounders of them. She studies hard and gains, as the weeks go by, a zeal for technic as a means to an end. She is becoming a professional.

It isn't all grind. There are tennis and sightseeing tours about New York, receptions and dances, and meetings of the State alumni clubs into which the Columbia summer-session students organize themselves. And then there is the steamer trip up the Hudson and the review of the cadet corps at West Point and a dance afterward.

In recent years there has been an increasing proportion of non-teachers attending summer schools: practising lawyers, journalists, business men, clergymen, and, at Cornell last summer, one member of Congress. The largest of the non-teacher elements is the undergraduate group. Some of these are repeating work failed in the regular term; the vast majority are excellent students, usually older than the average, who take advantage of summer instruction to complete early their requirements for the bachelor's degree.

Nevertheless, it probably is fair to say that the most far-reaching effect of the summer school, its great social significance, lies in the betterment of the public schools of the country through the betterment of the professional training of its teachers. "No other enterprise in the United States," Professor W. C. Bagley maintains, "is so important to its future welfare as its teacher-training." Professor Bagley has reported that "in at least one-

half of the States a majority of the teachers have less than standard training (two years of college or normal-school education or better)."

Summer schools afford the untrained teacher a chance to become trained. To stop teaching to obtain a better education is impossible for many of them. Consider that, in the prosperous Middle West area of the North Central Association, the typical salary of the high-school teacher is \$1800 a year; for the entire United States the average annual salary of all teachers is \$1243.

What about the standard of summer-school work? It is the concentrated effort of these mature and professionally ambitious students which offsets the disadvantage of a six weeks' course in a given subject, one hour daily, as compared with two separate hours a week in that subject for a semester of 15 weeks. Among professors who really know summer-school work there is pretty generally a rating of the standard as equivalent to that of the academic year.

Statistics tabulated by the writer in 1921 showed that 15 of the largest summer schools of the country then had 38 per cent of the total enrollment of the 241 colleges and universities, having summer schools. The likelihood is that this concentration of summer-school attendance at the great universities will increase rather than diminish. It is difficult for small colleges to draw summer-school students in competition with the widely known professors and the prestige of the State institutions and with the metropolitan attractions of New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia.

An interchange of professors prevails at most institutions; the University of California, for example, calls half of its summer staff from other universities. To the instructors thus invited, there is the stimulus of new surroundings and contacts. To administrative officers is afforded a chance to weigh the qualities of the visiting instructor as a possible permanent instructor.

A spread of the summer-school idea to fields other than university study has come about in the past few years. At mountain, seashore, and other resorts there are hundreds of religious institutes and Chatauquas of all denominations, dozens of social-service groups and library-training courses, and a series of regional army training-camps for young civilians.

Certain privately endowed colleges have developed a form of summer work distinct from regular academic instruction. Most celebrated of these is the Williamstown Institute of Politics, conducted at Williams College for three weeks each summer. Specialists from all parts of the United States, Europe, and Asia assemble for round-table conferences and lectures. The annual proceedings are forming a contribution to the literature of politics and international relations. The Summer School for Women Workers in Industry at Bryn Mawr College is in its sixth year. The course of eight weeks includes instruction in science, art, and history. The young women workers are encouraged to carry on in winter classes in their own communities the study begun at Bryn Mawr, and to teach their fellow workers.

With the financial support of Mr. Otto Kahn, Princeton University began last year a Summer Institute of Fine Arts for teachers of art and advanced students of art. The one summer session at Yale is that of the Yale Law School, open to teachers of law and to practising lawyers. Mention may also be made of the distinctive work done in the summer session of the Modern Language Schools of Middlebury College.

Hundreds of Americans, largely teachers of French, go abroad for the Vacation Courses for Foreigners, given at the University of Paris and at the ten provincial universities of France.

No humdrum nor conventional enterprise this—the university summer school—but rather, for the individual and for the democracy, a chance for high endeavor.

Is a War with Japan Possible? --- No

Condensed from The Forum (June '26)

Sir Frederick Maurice

BY article XIX of the Limitation of Armaments treaty, the United States, Great Britain, and Japan agreed that the *status quo* at the time of the Washington Conference should be maintained. The two British naval bases within the Western Pacific, Hong Kong and (temporarily) Wei hai Wei, were both out of date and unsuitable for use by battleships, so that under the terms of this article the nearest effective bases would be for Great Britain, Singapore, when completed, and Sasebo for Japan, these being 2600 miles apart; for the United States, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and for Japan, Yokosuka, these being 3300 miles apart.

The agreement has prevented that kind of competition in preparation for war, which each side regards as defensive for itself and provocative in its neighbor. Without it the United States might well have insisted on the necessity of having a base for battleships in the Philippines as a means of assuring the safety of those islands, and Japan might equally have found, that the erection of such a base required her to establish one in Formosa. Dangerous rivalry of this nature has been prevented, while as long as the *status quo* is maintained it is out of the question for Japan, no matter how large her army may be, to invade the mainland of the United States, and it is equally out of the question for the United States to invade the main islands of Japan. It is probably Japan's growing sense of complete security in the Western Pacific which has caused her to reduce her army from 285,800 to 212,643 since 1913. These figures certainly do not indicate that Japan's policy is to rely

upon the strength and efficiency of her land forces to compensate her for the relatively inferior position as regards battleships which she accepted at Washington.

As long as the present situation lasts, a war between the United States and Japan must be in the main a naval and air war, and though it is not at all impossible that Japan should be able to seize the Philippines, yet the decision of the war must be at sea. As compared with the Great War, the loss of life in such a war would be small, and therefore the immense superiority of the man power of the United States would not be a factor of prime importance. But the wear and tear of material would be tremendous. It would be a war fought over vast spaces of ocean, and the chances of damaged ships being able to crawl home for repairs, as they did from the battles of the North Sea, would be small. Since neither side could follow up the victory at sea by a blow at the other's heart, the war would only be brought to an end by one side deciding that it was not worth while to continue it, or more probably when the power of one side to replace losses at sea had come to an end owing to the exhaustion of manufacturing resources and of raw materials.

It remains to consider the most important of the Washington agreements, the Four Power Pact, concluded between Great Britain, the United States, France, and Japan. These powers agreed to "respect their rights in relation to their insular possessions in the region of the Pacific Ocean." They also agreed that "if

there should develop between any of the High Contracting Powers a controversy arising out of any Pacific question and involving the said rights which is not satisfactorily settled by diplomacy and is likely to affect the harmonious accord now happily subsisting between them, they shall invite the other High Contracting Powers to a joint conference to which the whole subject will be referred for consideration and adjustment." After August, 1933, this treaty may be terminated at 12 months' notice.

It is difficult to conceive of any action of the United States which would force Japan to take arms in self-defense. The policy of the United States as regards China has been consistently that of the "open door," while as regards immigration she asserts her right to determine who shall be settlers in her territories. An attempt by Japan to upset this policy by force connotes aggressive action; indeed it is only by prompt and aggressive action that Japan, militarily the more prepared of the two, could hope to succeed against a power with the immense latent resources of the United States. That is to say, the choice between peace and war rests in almost any conceivable set of circumstances with Japan. In what circumstances could war appear to the statesmen of Japan to offer advantages commensurate with its risks?

Japan could no more expect to conquer the United States than she in 1904 expected to conquer Russia. The most she could hope to do would be to make the United States see, as she made Russia see, that it was not worth while to continue the struggle. As I have explained, such a war must be mainly a naval war, that is to say a war in which the power to keep fleets at sea, to reinforce them, and to make good the losses of battle would be of paramount importance. Now, I take from the Statesman's Year Book a few comparative figures of the production of the United States and Japan in a few of the essential raw materials of war:

	UNITED STATES	JAPAN
Pig-iron	40,361,000 tons	78,000 tons
Steel	45,000,000 tons	nil
Copper	950,000,000 lbs.	100,000,000 lbs.
Bit. coal.....	422,000,000 tons	27,000,000 tons
		(mostly unsuitable for coking)
Petroleum ...	23,500,000,000 gal.	60,000,000 gal.

In fact a war between the United States and Japan would be a war between that one of the Great Powers which has the largest supplies of raw materials and the most highly developed industries applicable to the purposes of war, and the Great Power which has the least of both.

But it may be said that Japan could draw from Europe the steel she would require. For this she would have either to lay in sufficient stocks of raw materials before the war came or be assured of a regular supply from the Atlantic Basin. The laying up of stocks for a war which would exhaust the patience of the United States is not a possibility. It could not be done secretly and would involve a financial strain which Japan is not capable of enduring. The importation of stocks from Europe during war could only be with the good will of Great Britain. Now, the spirit of the Four Power Pact is clear. Its intention is that disputes arising in the Pacific should be referred to discussion by conference. As a party to that Pact we would not be in the least likely to support the Power which went to war without reference to a conference. Nor is it in the least probable that Japan, realizing her dependence on Europe for raw materials of war would venture to proceed to extremities with the United States without first assuring herself at least of our benevolent neutrality.

On all these grounds, a Pacific war in the sense of a war involving the United States and Great Britain is amongst the least probable of dangers to which the world is at present exposed. May I conclude by saying that I have throughout this article assumed for purposes of argument that Japan would have designs which I do not think she would be at all likely to entertain.

Is a War with Japan Possible?—Yes

Condensed from *The Forum* (June '26)

Hector C. Bywater

THE view has been advanced that Japan and the United States can never, under any circumstances, come to blows. Briefly, the argument is this: Modern naval warfare demands an immense expenditure of material, especially steel, coal, and petroleum; of these materials America has an inexhaustible supply, while Japan's reserves are strictly limited; therefore, Japan would never dream of going to war with America. The syllogism is plausible without being wholly convincing. Its initial argument obviously has reference to the history of the World War, on the course and outcome of which productive resources did undoubtedly exercise a decisive influence. It does not follow, however, that all wars are governed by this factor to the same extent. Take, for example, the Russo-Japanese conflict of 1904. The material assets at Russia's disposal were so incomparably superior to those of her antagonist that had the issue depended on this element alone, Japan's defeat would have been a foregone conclusion.

Between the conditions under which that war was fought and those that would obtain in a struggle between Japan and the United States there is an analogy close enough to merit careful study. When Japan challenged the mighty Russian Empire in 1904 she seemed, in the judgment of friends and foes alike, to be courting certain destruction. She had practically no reserves on hand to repair her losses in war material. Her industry was not yet competent to build large warships or manufacture heavy artillery. Her navy was almost entirely of foreign construction, and if a ship above the light cruiser type were sunk it could not be replaced while hostilities last-

ed. Her stocks of coal, iron, and other commodities indispensable to warfare seemed altogether inadequate for a prolonged campaign. Financially, too, she stood at a grave disadvantage; Russia of those days had abundant cash and credit at command. For these reasons a Russo-Japanese war had long been scouted as impossible by many observers in the West. Yet, notwithstanding their predictions, the impossible happened, and the war continued for 19 months. Moreover, Japan was able to keep her navy and army supplied with all needful requirements right to the very end.

The error into which the prophets had fallen was in confusing potential with actual resources. Russia was never able to deploy more than a relatively small part of her strength in the war zone, which lay at an immense distance from her centers of production. Had she had the prescience to double-track the Siberian Railway beforehand, the war would probably have ended differently. As it was, all her combatant material, men as well as munitions, had to be conveyed over 6000 miles of single railway track. Great difficulty was experienced in making good the wastage at the front; with all her efforts she at no time succeeded in bringing more than a fraction of her potential force to bear on the enemy. Japan, on the other hand, fighting on her own ground, was able to throw into the contest every ounce of weight she possessed. Russia fought with one hand tied, Japan with both hands free.

A future war in the Far East, with Japan and the United States as belligerents, would be waged under conditions not very dissimilar. The term "Far East" is used advisedly, for it

is certain that Japan would confine her major activities to the Western Pacific, where she enjoys all the advantages of position. Fundamentally the problem confronting the United States would be one of transport. The consensus of professional opinion is that Japan's opening move would be to attack Guam and the Philippines in overwhelming force, perhaps simultaneously. If these territories were occupied by her in the first month of the war, as there is good reason to suppose they would be, she could await the American riposte without undue misgiving. It may be that the United States, recognizing the peculiar difficulties of its position, would follow the line of least resistance by initiating peace negotiations. But it would have to reckon with public opinion, which would naturally regard such action as a confession of defeat. If "victory at any price" became the national slogan, the authorities would have no choice but to prosecute the war regardless of cost.

Japan's main line of defense would run from the Kurile Islands to the Philippines, with advanced positions in the Bonin, Caroline, and Marshall Islands. It would be America's task to break through this line and secure a firm foothold on ground within easy striking distance of the Japanese coast. In no other way could victory be achieved by armed force. It is often stated, however, that America would win the war without firing a shot, by remaining strictly on the defensive in her own waters, employing her vast wealth to destroy the credit of Japan and reduce her to bankruptcy. Even if this were feasible, the process would be a long one, and it is questionable whether the patience of the American people would survive the strain. The Washington Government would in all probability be compelled by the pressure of public opinion to adopt a more active military policy. This, to be effective, would entail the despatch of a great expeditionary force across the Pacific, with one or more of the Japanese islands

as the objective of attack. Nowhere along the route would a friendly base be available. Moreover, the expedition would be in constant danger of attack by Japanese submarines after leaving Hawaii, and each day's progress toward the West would increase the desperate hazards of the voyage. Every movement of the force would be observed and reported by Japanese patrols operating from the numerous islands which flank the line of approach from the East, while the American commanders would be entirely in the dark as to the enemy's plans and the location of his main fleet. The annals of war afford no parallel to an enterprise so desperate or one so devoid of reasonable prospect of success.

The United States would derive little military advantage from her boundless resources in iron, copper, coal, and petroleum. She might, of course, create new fleets and armies on a gigantic scale, but unless they could be brought into contact with the enemy their creation would be so much wasted energy. Japan, on her part, would have no need to make heavy inroads on her material resources. Given adequate supplies of fuel for the fleet, she could await developments with equanimity.

We see, therefore, that to count on Japan's inferiority in material resources as a positive guarantee against war in the Pacific would surely be unwise. The peace of that ocean is not menaced at present, nor need the shadow of war ever darken its waters if the peoples of East and West practise a mutual forbearance and strive to cultivate a better understanding of each other's domestic problems. If, however, they neglect this duty, choosing rather to pursue invidious national policies regardless of neighboring interests, the danger of an armed crash will be very real, nor will it be mitigated by the superficial superiority of one party or the other in the raw materials which feed the furnace of war.

The New Competition

Condensed from *The Nation's Business* (June '26)

O. H. Cheney

BUSINESS warfare, like war itself, has in the past few years left the old battlegrounds and the old weapons. The business man these days doesn't know where he is going to be hit next, or how. It is a wise man who knows his competitor.

The growth of trade associations is an example of this. By some form of herd instinct, men who still consider themselves competitors flock together for mutual protection from the mysterious dangers that lurk around them in the wild business jungle. They unconsciously feel that the competition between them has become of minor importance compared with the new competition.

Distribution was formerly along a straight line and competition was along other straight lines. In other words, the line of distribution was from producer through wholesaler and retailer to consumer. The lines of competition were between producers turning out similar products, between wholesalers in the same line, and between retailers selling practically identical goods.

The old competitive methods ranged from price-cutting to arson, including slander, bribery, espionage, man-stealing and fomenting strikes. But nowadays, when two men in the same line meet, they start talking about co-operative advertising or standardizing sizes, eliminating unnecessary styles, uniform cost accounting or standard terms to the trade. They may even talk of a merger.

The new competition is, broadly, pressure for distributive outlets; where this pressure was formerly exerted within certain established channels, the intensity of competition has broken these down and is making its own channels. The basic reasons for

these terrific and newly directed pressures are, of course, the surplus plant capacity available for production and the tremendous progress in exploitation through advertising, publicity and salesmanship.

This competition may be observed with the producer of the raw material. The dairy farmers join a league which buys milk routes and milk-product and ice-cream plants, entering into competition with their own customers. A copper mining company buys a brass factory. Manufacturers become dissatisfied with the volume which they are selling through wholesalers and begin to sell direct to the retailers, as in the grocery field.

Both manufacturers and wholesalers enter into competition with the retailers by organizing chains of retail stores. They go even further and try to eliminate the retailer and sell through house-to-house canvassers, as in the case of hosiery or household appliances; further still, they try to eliminate the canvasser by using the mails.

The retailer himself, by multiplying his stores, assumes the function of the wholesaler and competes with him. The most striking examples of the chain-store system are, of course, in groceries, dry goods, variety goods, tobacco and the like. Independent retailers combat chain competition by organizing group buying associations or combining their buying power through resident buyers, as in the dry goods field. Chain and group retailers go even further and enter the producing field, entering into competition with the manufacturer, and frequently the wholesaler does likewise.

This tendency to control the source of supply goes still further back along the lines of production and distribu-

tion; automobile manufacturers buy parts plants, Henry Ford buys and builds steel, textile and glass plants, sugar refiners buy cane plantations, tire manufacturers buy rubber and cotton plantations, canners subsidize fruit and vegetable growers.

But this intra-industrial competition is only one type of the new competition. There is the competition between two divisions of the same general industry which produce commodities used alternatively. This type we may call inter-commodity competition.

When the weary rent-payer decides to build, he becomes the object of competition between lumber, brick, stone, Portland cement, tile and new combinations—not to forget slate, treated wood shingle, asbestos, copper, zinc and asphalt compositions for the roof. When his wife answers the call of spring with a new dress she is confronted by the competition of cotton, wool, silk and rayon and the almost countless number of varieties and combinations of these. And the number of products which compete for a place on the dinner table is even less calculable.

In the same category, for instance, is the competition of fuel oil with coal; of the motion picture with the theater, the radio and the book; of the automobile, bus and truck with the railroad and the street-car; of magazine, newspaper and billboard for advertising. That this type of competition is increasingly recognized is proved by the growth of trade associations and of their constructive co-operative activities on behalf of all interested in a particular commodity or service, and sometimes of destructive efforts against competing interests.

But, again, inter-commodity competition is also not one-way competition. There is a natural tendency of almost every kind of store to follow the liberality of the drug store in interpreting its function. Only Mr. Wrigley knows all the different available outlets for chewing gum. Real estate and automobiles are being sold by department stores. There are hundreds of products which are sold in

hardware, drug, grocery and department stores.

Instalment selling is the dominant manifestation of this inter-industrial competition. The ways of spending money have been multiplied a thousand-fold. Realizing that this week's pay envelope is pretty well exhausted, manufacturers and merchants are making organized attempts to assure themselves a good share of next week's. "The automobile industry did it; why can't we do it?" This is the logical question which one industry after another is asking itself and answering in the affirmative. Who can deny that the present prosperity of the automobile industry is the result of time-payment sales when full three-quarters of the vehicles sold are financed? Who can deny to the clothing manufacturers, to the paint manufacturers, the right to sell on time? But what can be done about it if the aggregate of instalment buying goes too far? What is too far? The answers to these questions will have to be faced by business in the next few years.

Did we have to wait for the delightful debate between Florida and California to realize that there is competition between communities for population? What of the frequent competition between factories for labor? What of the competition between industries for investors?

Overshadowing all these types of competition in the vastness of its effects is international economic competition. Every day brings new evidence that the distributive pressure of nations is becoming more intense. It is difficult to prophesy what the next few years will bring.

Only a few scattered individuals at present realize the import of these developments which must inevitably assume vital intensity in the next decade. The drama of the new competition becomes more absorbing, more vivid, more hectic. It becomes universal in its sweep. It is impossible for anyone to see it all, because we are all actors as well as audience. And unless we can break away and see clearly, it may be too much for us.

The World's Debt to Our Pioneer Inventor

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (July '26)

Robert E. Martin

IN the year 1792, at Mulberry Grove plantation, near Savannah, there lived the widow of Gen. Nathanael Greene of Revolutionary fame. Into her home she had welcomed a young man of 27 years who, having just graduated from Yale, found himself penniless in a strange city. The young man's ambition was to study law, but he was also a mechanic of uncommon skill. While he accepted the widow's kindnesses, and while he continued his studies, he repaired farm implements and devised ingenious playthings for the children of the house.

To Mulberry Grove one day came three distinguished visitors, officers who had served under General Greene and who owned plantations. The conversation turned to the sorry plight of southern farmers. "Tis a shame," remarked one of the officers, "that we cannot make cotton growing pay. For one man to clean a single pound of cotton is a good day's work. A pity there is no mechanical device to do the task."

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Greene, with sudden inspiration, "tell your needs to my young friend, Mr. Eli Whitney. He can make anything!" The student-mechanic was at his bench in a small workshop in the basement. The gentlemen explained the need for a machine to separate the seeds from cotton. Whitney stared in amazement. "Why," he exclaimed, "never have I seen cotton nor cotton seed in my life!"

But far into the night he pondered over the unusual request. From boyhood his delight had been to contrive new things with his hands. Perhaps here was his chance to finance his study of law. The next morning he set to work, examining the cotton fibers and pulling them away from the seeds with his fingers. As he did so

the idea of the machine grew in his mind.

First of all, he needed wire. A search of Savannah proved that not a scrap of it could be bought. Whitney, however, was resourceful. On the plantation he found a package of wire that had been intended for a bird cage. This he drew to the right thickness. Next, he needed tools. Those in his workshop were inadequate for his needs, so he fashioned new ones.

For eight months he labored, day after day, sharing his secret only with Mrs. Greene and with Phineas Miller, the plantation superintendent. Then, one afternoon, he called excitedly for them to come into his shop. "See!" he cried. "It does the work!" Before them was a small wooden box, about two feet high, fitted with a hand crank. Into an opening at the front Whitney began feeding a quantity of raw cotton, at the same time turning the crank. They saw the cotton pass between two parallel cylinders, one fitted with rows of sharp teeth made of wire, the other with a series of brushes. As the cylinders revolved, the teeth caught the cotton fibers and dragged them through a narrow grating, or grid, which excluded the seeds.

Such was the world's first cotton gin—a machine destined to do the work of a thousand men, to open millions of acres of land to profitable cultivation, to revolutionize the dress of men and women everywhere, and to add millions of dollars in wealth to American industry and commerce.

Mrs. Greene was jubilant. Phineas Miller saw visions of speedy riches. Immediately he offered to Eli financial backing, and proposed a partnership. Quickly Mrs. Greene ordered the erection of a small building in which the

new wonder might be displayed. Then she invited influential friends to inspect the machine. They came—and they marveled. Here was a mechanical box that could clean more cotton in one day than a slave could clean by hand in many months. They saw, too, that this magic box would treble the value of their lands.

The news spread like wildfire. Everywhere it aroused a desire to possess the secret of the strange machine. Men began to whisper, and to scheme. One midnight in June a band of black figures crept stealthily upon the plantation. A sudden wrenching of splintered boards broke the night stillness. A dog barked. The shadowy forms slunk away.

The next morning Eli hurried out to his work in high spirits. That day he was to add the finishing touches, and then he would apply for his patent. What he saw made his heart stand still. The cotton gin was gone! The secret was out. And he must begin again.

In the end, the audacious theft served as a challenge to Whitney's fighting spirit. With funds advanced by Phineas Miller, he hurried to New Haven, Conn., to get his patent and begin the manufacture of cotton gins, while Miller remained in Georgia to distribute them. From the outset the battle turned against him. Even before he could complete a new model and apply for a patent, a number of cotton gins, copied from his invention, were in profitable operation.

"The people here are running mad for cotton gins, and they care not who supplies them," wrote Miller from the South.

A year passed, and then, with the first machines from the shop he had established in New Haven, Whitney journeyed back to Georgia. To his utter amazement, he found that those who had robbed him were being accepted by a money-mad public as the legitimate operators of cotton gins, while he, the rightful inventor and owner, was regarded as an intruder. Everywhere juries turned against him. Intimidated witnesses refused to tes-

tify in his behalf. The public laughed in his face. Weary, discouraged, he returned to the North. On the way he was shaken by fever. At New Haven, he was met with news of fresh disaster.

"Only yesterday your shop was destroyed by fire, and all your machines with it!"

"I have had enough," Whitney said. "I have sacrificed everything, and for my pains I have been treated as a swindler and a villain. I am bankrupt; there is nothing left to me but debts."

It chanced, at this time, that Whitney heard of a project of the American government to manufacture its own firearms. Heretofore muskets, imported from abroad, had been made one at a time by skilled experts. "It may require uncommon skill to make a complete musket," thought Whitney, "but certainly any mechanic of ordinary ability should be able to turn out *part* of a musket."

From that thought Whitney's active brain conceived the idea which not only carried him to financial independence, but which revolutionized manufacturing processes throughout the world. Instead of making muskets one by one, he would turn them out in lots of hundreds, or thousands. He would design each part to a precise, standard pattern. Each of the several parts would pass through a succession of processes, and at each stage a workman would perform just one simple mechanical operation.

Presenting this plan, with the financial backing of friends in New Haven, Whitney obtained a contract from the government for 10,000 muskets. He built his factory near New Haven, and trained his workmen.

So, because of the genius who went bankrupt making "cotton king," we who are living today can afford the many common necessities and luxuries which are vital to modern life. For it was Whitney who conceived and applied for the first time the idea of standardized interchangeable parts in manufacture, thereby revolutionizing the whole course of industrial enterprise.

Dying Embers of Bigotry in America

Condensed from *Current History* (March '26)

George Barton

IN TOLERANCE has always existed in one form or another in various parts of the United States. For the most part it has slumbered, but when it has broken out many persons have viewed it as the "beginning of bigotry." They are mistaken. Bigotry has manifested itself under various forms at various times. It has been said, not without some truth, that the Puritans came to this country in order that they might worship God in their own way, and to compel everybody else to do it in their way. Of the 13 original Colonies, Maryland was the only one that gave complete liberty of conscience. Bigotry was shown in the Know Nothing agitation, in the riots of 1844, when Catholic churches were burned down in Philadelphia, in the A. P. A. uprising and finally in the Ku Klux Klan of the present day. To each succeeding generation each of these movements has in turn seemed worse than anything which preceded it. Yet in truth they are becoming the burnt powder of intolerance.

This is not to say that the bigotry existing in the nation is not harmful, but it does mean that once it is brought out in the open it has little chance of lasting success. Chief Justice Taft in speaking of this once compared it with the heavy stone which, when lifted after many years, reveals a mass of wriggling worms and crawling insects. The moment the light strikes this mass of creeping things it may be seen scattering in every direction. So it is with bigotry in this country. It cannot stand the light of reason.

Everybody knows what happened to the Klan when it came into the open of its own accord in Detroit. Mayor Smith was marked for slaughter by the hooded organization. If they had won there the Klansmen proposed to

extend their activities to the other large cities of the country. But they failed utterly. Mayor Smith declared that it was "a victory for tolerance led by Protestants." There was rejoicing among Catholics, Jews and Protestants over the fact that it was Protestants who made the victory possible. A leading member of the Masonic order said: "It was best that we Protestants should clean up our own mess. This means that it should stay cleaned. Cleaned by pressure of Catholic, Jewish and Negro votes it might not have stayed cleaned. Out of it all should come a greater feeling of tolerance than we have ever known before. We have the Klan to thank for that."

A striking illustration of the new tolerance in this country occurred only a few weeks ago at the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Congregation B'nai Jeshurun in New York City. All creeds were represented at the big dinner given at the Hotel Astor. Bishop Manning of the Protestant Episcopal Church hailed the gathering as a sign of the passing of intolerance. Mgr. T. G. Carroll, the personal representative of Cardinal Hayes, said that the meeting emphasized the passing away of old religious prejudices. Other prominent men gave similar testimony. Not one of these men minimized his own faith. They all concurred in the necessity of religion while joining in the cry for the necessity of breaking down the spirit of narrow prejudice.

Only a month before this event prominent Jews and Protestants joined with Catholics in dedicating the new \$200,000 club house of the Thomas Dongan Council of the Knights of Columbus in Brooklyn. Members of the Bay Ridge Masonic Club presented the Knights with a handsome silk

American flag for the use of their new home.

The spirit was shown again in a notable gathering in Washington in December, 1925, when delegates from 26 different communions met for the purpose of considering how the churches might cooperate in bringing about world peace. The mere fact that men of so many different churches rubbed shoulders did much for the cause of toleration. It was not the first time that such a thing had happened, of course, but the prominence of the participants and the fact that it occurred at the Capital gave it unusual significance.

Sometimes very humble persons are the means of creating this spirit of good will and tolerance in communities. A case that comes to mind concerns a negro named John W. Underhill of May's Landing, N. J. He ran a general store there during his lifetime and when he died the people were amazed to learn that he had left a fortune of almost \$100,000. Their amazement was increased when they discovered that his fortune had been left to the city for the purpose of providing a public playground and gymnasium for the children. He had set an example of service which was to shine like a beacon light before men. Little wonder that all denominations should have been represented at his public funeral and that addresses should have been made by the pastor of the Methodist Church, the rector of the Episcopal Church and the priest of the Catholic Church.

When fire destroyed the Catholic Church of the Annunciation in Shendoah, Pa., the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that town donated \$1000 toward a fund for the rebuilding of the edifice. When Father Francis FitzMaurice, rector of St. Joachim's Church in Frankford, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, was buried, his funeral was attended by all the ministers of the other denominations in that place. Again, when a Methodist minister was buried in Renova, Pa., the Mayor, who was a Catholic, ordered the flag on the City Hall to be placed at half mast, and during the

hours of the funeral the bells of the Catholic Church were tolled.

Bigotry in this country is constantly growing weaker. Thoughtful persons who carefully study the history of these manifestations of race and religious hatreds cannot but be impressed with the fact that though each succeeding fire starts fiercely it does not last as long as the preceding one.

During the candidacy of William Howard Taft for the Presidency there was a whispering campaign against him on the ground that he was a Unitarian and that his sister-in-law was a member of the Catholic Church. The people, nevertheless, having a sense of humor as well as a sense of decency, elected him. But after the election President Roosevelt, who had been his sponsor, poured the vials of his wrath upon those who sought to divide the American people upon religious grounds. He called attention to the fact that in his Cabinet at that time there sat men who were of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths, each one chosen because he was peculiarly fitted for the task that had been entrusted to him. He said: "I do not for one moment believe that the mass of our fellow-citizens, or any considerable number of them, can be influenced by any such narrow bigotry as to refuse to vote for any upright and fit man because he happens to have a particular religious creed."

President Coolidge made a plea for tolerance in one of his recent speeches which caused a favorable reaction throughout the country. "Bigotry," he said, "is only another name for slavery. It reduces to serfdom not only those against whom it is directed, but also those who seek to apply it."

Viewed in a wide way we must conclude that the power of bigotry is waning in this country. There may be individual and sectional instances to the contrary, but generally speaking the candle of intolerance is spluttering in its socket, so far as the United States is concerned. I venture to predict that in a generation from now it will be practically unknown in the public life of the nation.

I Could Make This Country Bone-Dry

Condensed from the *Cosmopolitan* (August '26)

Pussyfoot Johnson

AMERICA can be made bone-dry—and in six months' time. With the power and the money, I would undertake to enforce the Volstead Act in 99 per cent of the country. And any man with ability, determination and "guts" could accomplish the same thing.

Twenty years ago I made the Indian Territory dry with only the shadow of a law to back me. I did the same throughout the whole Indian country. With a force of a couple of dozen men, I convicted in the courts more than 4400 offenders. I secured convictions, under wild frontier conditions, of 97 per cent of the cases that came to an issue.

I repeat that America can be made adequately dry. How would I do it?

First, I would deal drastically with judges addicted to the practise of "punishing" offenders against the dry laws with a \$10 fine, even after repeated convictions. It is not infrequent that a judge will turn a prisoner loose with a suspended sentence after the third or fourth offense. A judge who will do that sort of thing ought to be in jail himself. There is no possible opening for the injection of "mitigating circumstances" in the case of a bootlegger. There is no reason why a deliberate offender should not receive the limit that the law allows. And when a judge turns such a man loose upon society with a trivial fine, he is simply inviting the offender to do it again. Such a judge simply cuts the heart out of the prohibition agent who tries to do his duty. . . . The disposition of such judges is a matter of administration, wholly within the power of the President and the Department of Justice. If I were on the Prohibition Enforcement job I would raise such a fuss

over this whole judicial scandal—over the judges who are making a laughing stock out of the law—that they would be forced to do their duty.

Second, I'd try to stop some of this silly and disheartening parole business. The only possible justification for inflicting a penalty upon an offender is the protection of society. Laws cannot make men moral. Punishment can only be justified as a deterrent. What society can do and must do is to regulate the behavior of individuals for the protection of society itself. When society lays down rules for its own protection, it *must* either enforce those rules or abdicate. The maudlin, feeble-minded sentiment that turns loose, by pardon or parole, tens of thousands of criminals every year to continue their depredations is as silly as it is ineffective. One need go no further in his studies of "crime waves" to find their cause.

Third, I would stop the criminal distribution of alcohol, denatured or otherwise, which can be done by purely administrative measures. The legitimate use of alcohol for industrial purposes can be safeguarded. It has been done and it can be done again.

Fourth, if necessary I would make full use of the army and navy. What are the army and navy for except to defend the institutions of this country? The government has always been ready to use its army for any federal emergency. In 1791, Congress passed an excise law on domestic spirits. Many small stills still existed in Western Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina. The Pennsylvanians refused to pay the excise and attacked federal revenue officers. President Washington dispatched a large force of militia against the rebellious Pennsylvanians. The leaders

of the "Whisky Rebellion" fled and the revolt evaporated. . . . In 1894 in the Pullman strike in Chicago, Grover Cleveland ordered out federal troops in behalf of the United States mails. If we can use troops against strikers, we can use them against criminals.

I would plant troops on every foot of the Mexican and Canadian borders if necessary. I would also use the Navy. We have 300 or 400 fast destroyers in the navy. I would use them to patrol every square foot of sea that washes our Atlantic and Pacific shores. I wouldn't let a drop of foreign-made booze leak into our country.

Fifth, I would make the fullest possible use of what is known as "double jeopardy." When the federal court would not function, I would call on the state courts, and where the state would not function, I would make use of municipal courts. *I have done these things before and I could do them again.* Who is there to say that a criminal can commit a serious offense and rush out to a friendly court and pay a small fine, thereby seeking to escape proper punishment for his act?

Sixth, I would throw down the stairs any departmental official who would issue permits for the releasing of liquor for sacramental purposes *without first ascertaining if the liquor was to be used for these purposes.* Very few complaints are made about the great body of the Lutheran, Catholic, Episcopalian and Jewish churches which use fermented wine in their sacraments. But the exceptions are glaring and inexcusable. On a recent trip to Colorado, my attention was called to the records showing that one Russian Jewish rabbi last year brought into the state 3000 gallons of whisky for "sacramental purposes." Such an outrageous thing could not have been accomplished without the cooperation of some crooked officials and it need not be a difficult thing to locate the offender.

Seventh, when any public official charged with the enforcement of the law

made public declarations that the law could not be enforced, I would demand that he immediately make room for someone who had the ability and the faith in himself to make good. I would get federal enforcement officers who were loyal and efficient and were *not afraid to shoot.* President Coolidge's order of May 8, permitting the "federalizing" of state, county and municipal officers, was a distinct aid, and offers an almost bottomless reservoir of men. When chief officer of the United States Indian Service, I employed local officials as federal "deputies" hundreds of times and with striking success. I'd stop booze smuggling just as the government has stopped diamond smuggling.

Eighth, I would shoot to kill; by that, I mean that I would mean business. I would, in other words, enforce the law up to the hilt.

New York and Maryland ratified the 18th Amendment and then refused to make good by supporting what they had ratified, at the same time crying from the housetops that the dry law could not be enforced and doing all in their power as states to discourage the enforcement of the law.

As Baltimore mobbed the federal troops at the start of the Civil War, just so now the same sort of people mob federal officers who go there to enforce the Volstead Act. In New York there were disloyal riots, "draft riots," during the Civil War. Now agents of the enforcement unit who go there to protect the people against criminals are treated as public enemies, lambasted by the press and hooted by the populace.

When the state refuses to function in protecting its citizens, the federal power is automatically compelled to act, even to the extent of performing duties that naturally belong to the state. The remedy is to exercise the federal power in these states to the hilt until the disloyal minority become a loyal majority, just as the disloyal people of the South eventually became the most loyal people in America.

A Nation of Anarchists

Condensed from *The Nation* (June 30, '26)

Lewis S. Gannett

CHINA is an anarchist's heaven. There is no government worthy of the name; people are happiest where there is least government; and the worst evils of Chinese life obviously spring from the attempts of misguided people to govern her. Where would-be rulers are missing, China does well enough. Go out into the country districts, and you will find the Chinese living much as they have lived for 30 or 40 centuries, blissfully unconscious of the necessity for the elaborate paraphernalia of Western law and order.

We of the West can never, I think, understand China, until we recover somewhat from our respect for political institutions and grasp the idea that government is not an end but a means. The Chinese do not think in terms of law; they have a magnificent contempt for political government, and a fundamental instinct for getting along with one another on a basis of custom and reasonableness which confounds the foreigner appalled by their political chaos. It may be inevitable that we shall force respect for government and written laws upon the Chinese, along with Western efficiency and mechanical ingenuity; but China's ability in apparent anarchy is really evidence of the profundity of her civilization. Chuang-tzu was right when he said that "ceremonies and laws are the lowest form of government."

A peasant in West China does not care whether the government in Peking is republican, or monarchist, or soviet-revolutionary, as long as he can harvest and sell his grain in peace. He knows that he can deal with his neighbors without a government. Only when men fighting for political control rob his farmyard, conscript his sons, and ruin his fields is he disturbed.

He feels no need, neither he nor his ancestors has ever felt the need of government. And China is so vast a continent that she can support a dozen local civil wars and still leads most of her population to toil in peace.

It is possible to paint a ghastly picture of the chaos in China today—and it too will be true. The "Peking Government" is a farce—its writ does not run beyond the walls of the capital, and even within the city the military men defy its orders and collect illegal taxes despite its feeble protests. Chang Tso-lin and his satraps rule Manchuria, Shantung, and Chihli Province, within which the capital lies. Feng Yu-hsiang's lieutenants hold the northwest territories as an independent nation. Wu Pei-fu dominates Honan and most of the Upper Yangtze Valley, but he cannot control his nominal subordinates. Sun Chuan-fong has declared his independence in the lower Yangtze, including the rich territory about Shanghai; Canton in the South has a government which boldly proclaims itself the true nationalist Government of all China; Szechuan in the West is divided between three rival forces; and in far-away Yunnan a local potentate rules unconscious of any outer influence. And all these tuchuns and tupans are more or less continuously at war with one another, in variously shifting combinations.

This civil war in China, while relatively courteous—the forces fighting in North China in December, for instance, declare a temporary armistice during a particularly bitter spell of cold weather—levies a deadly toll on the working population. They pay in taxes, in lost work, and in higher prices. Two years of civil war (1924-25) raised the Peking price of millet and kaffir corn to an extent which,

it is estimated, meant an increased cost of living for a working-class family of \$4.50 a month—an appalling sum in a country where many people earn no more than that. J. E. Baker, adviser to the Ministry of Communications, reckons that the loss of commerce in North China alone in the 16 months of civil war ending December, 1925, amounted to nearly \$400,000,000—more than the entire cost of construction of all China's 5000-odd miles of railways.

When I was in Tsingtao in February the military governor had just commandeered every freight car in Shantung for troop movements, leaving not one for commerce—while for months none had been available except by payment of an extra "squeeze" of \$50 per car. All winter the British-American Tobacco Co. moved its goods by ox-cart from Tientsin to Peking, over a bad dirt road which parallels a good railway line—because the military had other uses for the freight cars. The government schools in Peking closed for the month of March because the instructors' salaries were months in arrears and there was no prospect of further payments; similar conditions prevail in the government schools in Nanking and elsewhere.

One could continue this recital of chaos and calamity almost indefinitely. But China is for the most part organized on a medieval village economy which enables her to withstand buffets which would destroy a more civilized nation. She suffers most where the foreign-built railways and foreign machinery have upset the old economy and made the country dependent on the cities and their trade. There is no railroad from Canton to Central and North China, and Canton Province—which is itself a nation with more inhabitants than Great Britain or France—can suffer wholesale civil war without affecting other provinces at all. Ten miles off the line of march of contending armies the peasants plow their fields and tend their cabages in peace.

Even the most industrial centers have an amazing local vitality. Whenever Canton gets a six months' respite

from local wars she begins to tear down houses in her picturesque narrow lanes and substitute wide modern avenues, to build more horse roads, to prolong the roads into the country, to develop a system of Ford buses; far-away Chengtu does likewise; Hangchow has transformed itself during a period of civil wars. All over China local communities are building roads, installing electric-light plants, telephone systems, fire companies, even sprinkling carts. While civil war obscures the newspaper horizons the industrial revolution quietly takes its course. Power looms are installed; the small-home unit of production gives way to larger units; sweatshops, small factories, large factories develop like mushrooms. In one recent month the number of Chinese owned cotton mills in all China jumped from 54 to 69, and the number of looms from 8500 to 16,400.

China is not a modern nation; she is a civilization, a continent bursting out of the Middle Ages. Each of her 21 provinces is bigger than most European nations. And a continent can survive civil wars as a nation cannot. The 30 Years' War devastated Germany, but France and Italy attended to their business relatively undisturbed.

Foreigners, accustomed to the national patterns of the West, curse China's chaos—and their business, radiating from a few centers of communication, may indeed be ruined by a few months of war. It is they who clamor for what we understand as "law and order." Some foreign-educated Chinese join them, and the Chinese Government, more and more powerless and out of touch with the real movements of China, is constantly devising brand-new, up-to-date codes and systems to prove to the foreigners that China is as progressive as may be desired. The ordinary Chinese, who has been taught by a tradition centuries old that a government is an institution which robs the masses by taxes for the benefit of the few, does not care whether there is a government in Peking or not; he wants primarily to be let alone.

Golf — A New Industry

Excerpts from *The Saturday Evening Post* (July 3, '26)

Floyd W. Parsons

THE doctor's advice, "Golf is what you need; it is much better to hit a pill than to swallow one," is today being followed to an unprecedented extent. Don Marquis says that the Scotch invented the game so that while the rest of the world wastes its time in playing, they can get all the prosperity there is.

Down through the ages have come all sorts of toasts to golf proposed by the lovers of the game. Boiled into one these would read about as follows: It is an accomplishment, a science, a test of temper, a trial of honor, an antidote for worry, a developer of concentration and a builder of health. It is a study in which you may exhaust yourself, but never your subject. It brings one close to Nature, sweeps away mental cobwebs and teaches one to extend courtesy and generosity to an opponent. It is a study of psychology. It is a teacher of philosophy and a doctor of therapy for nerves at high tension. It is doing more than all else to prevent walking from becoming a lost art. In addition to all this, it offers the widest range of participation of any game, and yet it is not a game—it is an experience that one can enjoy until a wheel chair gets him.

Let us see what this sport has become in the way of a great national industry. There are 3954 golf clubs in the United States that actually own property. A careful survey shows an average of 145 acres of golf land to each club. A few years ago \$500 would doubtless have been a fair average price for golf acreage, but with the advent of the automobile, and particularly of the motorbus, the prices of suburban land have advanced materially, and it is conservative to say that \$1000 an acre is now a fair aver-

age price for this class of property. This means that the golf clubs of our country now have an investment in land alone of more than \$570,000,000. There is an additional investment of probably \$158,000,000 in clubhouses and golf equipment.

The membership of our golf clubs now totals approximately 1,650,000. The retail cost of the golf balls sold last year totaled nearly \$10,000,000, while the retail cost of the golf clubs was about \$11,000,000. The sales of equipment for golf are larger than the sales of equipment for any other sport.

A few years ago the results of golf tournaments were recorded only in the society columns of a few papers. When the famous British champions, Vardon and Taylor, first came to this country, even the English editors instructed their American correspondents that so few people in England were interested in the outcome of the matches to be played here that it would be a waste of money to cable the results. In 1894 only 20 players teed off in the Amateur Championship. In last year's national amateur event at Oakmont, it took 43 reporters and 15 telegraph operators to transmit the results to all parts of the world. More than 1,000,000 words were sent over the wires.

A few years ago there were only four golf courses in Florida. The number quickly jumped to 35, and by the end of this year it is probable that the latter figure will be doubled. When the war ended there were only 15 golf courses in Texas; now there are more than 200, and the building program continues without any sign of let-up. More than 100 localities in Kansas have golf clubs, many of them in towns of less than 1000 people.

Gaylord, Kans., with a population of only 356, supports a nine-hole public course that is paying its way. Many small towns and villages have learned that the building of a golf course is a profitable and progressive thing to do. In several instances a local-pride appeal brought out a small army of men and boys willing to lend their efforts to clearing the land for a public course. In practically all cases the immediate effect of constructing a golf course is to increase the land values of adjacent property greatly in excess of the cost of the course.

Last year there were only 184 public golf courses in the United States. Chicago has 12 municipal courses. At one of the Chicago parks last year, the periods of waiting to tee off ranged as high as six hours in many cases. New York City has four public courses, and the income from these last year was \$125,000, while the cost of operating them was only \$76,090. In New York it is not unusual to find 200 men and women standing in line at five o'clock in the morning at one of the public courses, waiting for a chance to play. It is gratifying to learn, therefore, that either construction is going on or plans are under way for 125 new public courses.

Golf as a game is reaching every part of the earth. A few years ago there were only 29 golf clubs in Canada; now there are more than 400. Toronto had only four clubs; today there are 24. Montreal has 19, Winnipeg 18, Calgary 6, Vancouver 5, Victoria 5, and Ottawa 4. The world traveler who plays golf can now carry his clubs with him and be fairly sure of a game no matter where he happens to stop. Golf has been extended as far north as the little town of Carcross, in the Arctic Circle. Even in the far-off Malay States, one will find followers of the game.

Public courses controlled by private capital are springing up in many places and in practically all cases these ventures are netting their owners

large profits. One undertaking of this kind at Salisbury, Long Island, started with one course and now has five, all of which are pretty well covered with players at the week-ends. In such places the players pay by the day and the fees are \$1.50 a person for week days and \$2.50 for Saturdays.

Like any other form of recreation, this game can be enjoyed at small expense or indulged in at a great cost. One club in Long Island has an entrance fee of \$2500; another Long Island club asks \$1800. A new club just north of New York started about three years ago with an entrance fee of \$600, and now gets \$2000. It often happens that the purchase of a membership in a golf club proves to be a splendid investment. The membership certificate of one club on the Pacific Coast advanced from \$500 to \$5000 in ten years. In several instances the acreage used for the courses has become so valuable for residence sites that economic necessity has forced the clubs to sell their property and develop new sites farther out. It seldom happens that one is compelled to sell a club membership for less than he paid for it.

There are about 480,000 caddies in the United States, and those working at clubs of recognized standing earn about \$14 a week.

Practically every club has a professional. In addition to his salary, the professional has an income from the sale of balls, clubs and other articles, as well as from teaching. Usually he is not charged any rent for his shop or his home. These pros, as they are called, sell about 70 per cent of the balls used. At one large club near New York the professional last year sold more than 2000 dozen balls at a profit of \$2.50 a dozen. This means that his salary from the sale of balls alone was \$5000 for the year.

It is estimated that 1,000,000 more people will play golf this year than did last year, and one investigator predicts that we must prepare to accommodate 15,000,000 players here in America within 15 years.

The Vigilantes of the Corn Belt

Condensed from *The Country Gentleman* (July '26)

Quintan Wood and Charles Phelps Cushing

TO the old haunts of the James Boys and the Youngers the bad men have returned. Since the World War, just as after the Civil War, the small towns of the Corn Belt—especially those having a population of less than 1000—have been visited with a long series of night-time burglaries and swift and terrorizing daylight hold-ups. Even more ruthless are these bandit gangs than those which ranged this same section 50 years ago. At the slightest show of resistance they maim or kill. Seldom do any of them surrender. Upon the small-town banks of Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma in the past five years they have descended in more than 700 raids and carried off loot amounting to upward of \$2,000,000.

This plague of bandits has spread also to adjacent states. At periods when the roads are in the best possible condition for fast motor-car driving, raids upon small-town banks in the upper Mississippi Valley are of almost daily occurrence. A token of the boldness of these modern bandits is that many places have been robbed more than once.

Six states of the Corn Belt have replied to the robbers' challenge by organizing a formidable army of civilian vigilantes and town guards, authorized as special deputies and commanded by their sheriffs. Iowa can parade a force of armed minute men representing every county of the state and more than 800 of her 1000 banking towns. Kansas is in line with 80 of her 105 counties. Oklahoma is represented by more than a third of her counties. There are also organizations of vigilantes in many counties of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota and South Dakota, patterned after the Iowa organization.

The vigilante movement started in Iowa. Alarmed to action by the swift increase in daylight holdups and night burglaries, mounting every year after the World War, until in the period from June to June of 1920-1921 the banks of the state suffered 56 attacks, the Iowa Bankers' Association decided to try the gunpowder cure. With the authorization of the War Department they purchased that year 3477 carbines, rifles, revolvers and sawed-off shotguns.

Members of the county bankers' associations then conferred with their local sheriffs to select the men in each neighborhood best qualified to handle these weapons. The minute men were hand-picked, and not too many of them chosen. Even in a large county they rarely numbered more than 75, and the average company was not above 50. They were carefully instructed next concerning what posts they were to take and what to do in every likely emergency, either of attack or of pursuit.

That these first minute men bore themselves well is evident in what immediately followed. The report of the next fiscal year, issued in June, 1922, showed that the number of attacks upon Iowa banks had dwindled from 56 to 30, and that the loot had shrunk suddenly from \$228,973 to \$54,941. In the fiscal year 1922-23, the number of attempted robberies dropped to 28 and the loot had dropped to less than \$30,000. And in the following year the attacks were only eight, the total losses \$18,549. It is not surprising then that 1925 found every county of Iowa with vigilante organizations, and her neighbor states jumping suddenly into line alongside of her.

When an alarm sounds signaling an attack upon a bank in a town which

is properly organized, this is what happens: The telephone operator keeps a card in sight listing the names and numbers of the local vigilantes. She begins ringing them the moment an alarm comes in. If the robbers smash the switchboard before they begin their assault upon the bank, hidden wires independent of the telephone system sound the alarm.

The minute men race with their weapons to predesignated positions—depending upon whether the attack is by daylight or by night. While these sentinels run to door-ways, store tops, alleys and corners, all strategic points commanding the local institutions, the couriers and drivers of pursuit cars tune up their motors. The vigilantes with posts covering the banks usually are equipped with revolvers and sawed-off shotguns. The pursuit men have carbines or rifles for longer-range shooting. Other minute men of the county organization hurry to barricades along the roads of possible escape.

The effectiveness of the movement is indicated by the following significant items of four years of activity of vigilantes in Iowa, up to June, 1925:

Bandits killed	6
Sentenced to life imprisonment	14
Other prison sentences	68
Awaiting trial	5
Escaped	5
Dismissed or acquitted	8
Total	106

Here is an illustration of the vigilante system in operation: The scene is Booneville, Iowa, on the morning of Feb. 10, 1925. Two bandits, named Leighton and Oliver, get down from their motor car on the outskirts of town. They instruct their driver to pick them up a few minutes later. They slip into the bank with drawn revolvers and order W. J. McAllister, who is working alone in the bank, to hold up his hands. While Oliver stands guard at the front door Leighton runs behind the counter and snatches all the cash in sight. Next he forces McAllister into the vault to open the safe and there gathers up

all the currency it contains. Then he locks McAllister in the vault.

It happens that Booneville has a vigilance committee, of which the cashier of the bank, C. C. Cook, is a prominent member. Now hear his story:

"I live across the street from the side of the bank building and had gone home to change my clothes. I was coming down-stairs when my wife called to me that they were holding up the bank. She had seen McAllister with his hands up.

"I took my automatic shotgun and went out the back door and around to the side of the house. Oliver was at the door of the bank, gun in hand. I called to him 'Put them up!' He looked around and ran—toward a woman on the street, so I could not shoot.

"At this time Leighton was in the vault. I waited until he came out. I warned him to 'Put them up!' but he came up with his guns. He had a 45 in each hand. He shot twice but missed. I put him out of commission.

"I let McAllister out of the vault and got back to the bank door just in time to cover the driver of their car as he came to pick them up. He was unarmed."

Oliver, who led the gang, had been dropped in his tracks, seriously wounded. He is now in the penitentiary for life. Vigilantes, roused by the noise of the shooting, hastily gathered and then took up the pursuit of Oliver. He was captured the same day within a mile and a half of the bank, and so many joined in that 20 participated in the reward paid for his capture.

Last year Iowa was granted by all the insurance companies of the United States a reduction in the rate she formerly had to pay against the risk of bank holdups by daylight. Why the insurance companies paid this eloquent tribute to Iowa is apparent in the record for this latest completed fiscal year. Only two attempts are listed; and the one successful one is not upon a small town but in Des Moines, the state's largest city.

The Supersensitive Woman

Condensed from the Woman's Home Companion (July '26)

Mary B. Mullett, In Collaboration with Dr. F. E. Williams

"WHAT in the world shall I do about Elizabeth?" a friend asked me. "I am planning to give two luncheons and an afternoon bridge. But no matter which one I put her down for she is sure to feel hurt. If I invite her for bridge, she will think it isn't so much of a compliment as being invited for luncheon. If I ask her for luncheon, she will imagine that I think she doesn't play cards well enough to be invited for bridge."

I know many of these sensitive persons. You know them too. People whose feelings are always getting hurt; who always imagine that they are being slighted, or criticized, or misunderstood. Touchy people with whom you have to watch your step as carefully as if you were treading on eggs.

I asked Dr. Frankwood Williams to analyze the supersensitive person.

"Sensitive people are not really sensitive," he said. "They are *self-conscious*. They wouldn't admit it. They don't mind saying, 'I'm very sensitive.' But they wouldn't be at all proud to say: 'I'm very self-conscious.' And yet that is precisely what they are.

"For example, let's take a quite common situation. Two women go to the same dinner. One of them is good-looking, well dressed, highly educated. The other one isn't at all pretty; her clothes are nothing to brag about; she never saw the inside of a college. On the face of things, the first woman ought to make a better impression than the second one.

"But you have certainly seen just such situations, where the first woman was uncomfortable and the second had a perfectly beautiful time. She laughed at the stories the others told. If she started to tell a story herself, and everybody was listening to some-

one else instead of her, that was all right! She thought the food was delicious, the flowers lovely, the place cards so original. She was interested and responsive; amused and amusing. Everybody liked her and she enjoyed the party.

"The other woman, from start to finish, was thinking about herself. When she arrived, she imagined she was greeted less cordially than the person who came in behind her. When they went to the dining-room, if she wasn't seated near her hostess, she felt slighted. And so she went on, always thinking about herself; so busy feeling neglected, or slighted, or misunderstood, that of course she couldn't get any enjoyment out of it.

"A person like that will twist anything into a sign of dislike, or indifference, or criticism. You never know what they will take offense at; half the time you don't even suspect that they are offended. You simply find them dull and unresponsive; and you don't dream that they are suffering inward tortures.

"Now, the truth is, that woman is merely self-conscious. Her only sensitiveness is to what hurts her. She has an inflamed ego, which shrinks and quivers at every touch. The other woman has a normal, healthy ego which responds with normal, healthy sensations to everything that comes along.

"There are several ways in which a supersensitive person may have started toward all this unhappiness. In order to understand these ways, you must first realize a tremendously important thing. *One of the most powerful desires we human beings possess is the desire to be accepted and approved by our fellow human beings.*

"We all start with this desire to be accepted; to feel that we are all right.

But even when we are little children, there are times when we are *not* accepted. We do things for which we are reproved and punished. With most of us, fortunately, these moments don't come very often; and when they do come we can see the cause and effect. And because we understand, the thing doesn't make a deep wound.

"But let's imagine what may have happened to this supersensitive woman when she was a child. She probably had a highly organized nervous system; that is, she actually was 'sensitive.' Suppose that this sensitive child, with her deep human desire to be accepted and approved and loved, somehow gets the idea that she isn't wanted, or that she isn't making good.

"This little girl was perhaps different from her brothers and sisters; she may not have been as strong physically; she may have had different tastes. In short, she was the 'off pig' in the lot. In such cases the parents are likely to draw comparisons openly between the poor little off pig and the rest; comparisons which make her more and more conscious that she isn't satisfactory. The hurt goes deeper and deeper. She grows to *expect* that she won't succeed in putting herself over. She is always watching for signs of the disapproval which she has come to expect. And finally, when she grows up, you have your supersensitive woman.

"It might start through her being unjustly or carelessly blamed. She is bewildered as well as hurt. She wants to be accepted. Yet she isn't; and she doesn't know why. So she begins wondering about herself. She becomes self-conscious, intensely concerned with what people think of her.

"Another thing which may be at the bottom of this supersensitiveness is our old enemy, a sense of guilt, acquired away back in childhood. You have no idea how many of us are busy trying to adjust ourselves to a sense of guilt which we don't even know we have. It's been shoved down out of sight; but it is there and it keeps prodding us, making us uncomfortable.

"There is still another way in which these sensitive people get started on their unhappy careers. Parents are chiefly responsible in this case; as in fact they almost always are, more or less. Don't expect *too much* of children! Don't give them tasks which they cannot perform or lessons which are too hard for them to learn. If you do this the child will find itself failing, over and over again. This is a bad thing, psychologically. It sets up an *expectation* of failure.

"Give a child something he can do. Let him have a taste of victory. Success is a marvelous tonic. Children thrive on it. We all do. Some of these self-conscious, sensitive people have been made so by being denied this tonic of success when they were children. They got the habit of failure.

"If you know that you are supersensitive, and if you find out that you yourself are causing it you ought to be able to cure it. Many a woman has been emancipated by discovering that she could do certain things well. It doesn't make any difference what they were. If she made good in *any* way it would help to satisfy that fundamental desire to be accepted and approved. Gradually she would accumulate outside interests which would make her less absorbed in anxieties about herself. She would become really and truly 'sensitive,' in the finer meaning of the word; sensitive to all the wonderful opportunities of enjoyment; sensitive to what other people are thinking and feeling.

"Sensitiveness can be cured by a proper philosophy. The only thing for me to be concerned about is what I *am*. What people think I am is not really important, because it doesn't alter the truth! If I am honest with myself, I can come closer than anyone else to knowing what I am really like. That attitude toward one's own life, and a tremendous interest in life in general, and work that keeps one busy and happy—these three things, I guarantee, will cure one of being painfully sensitive."

Will the Cities Ever Stop?

Condensed from *The New Republic* (June 16, '26)

George Soule

TO many, progress is measured by the growth of the city's population. But increasing numbers of city-dwellers are complaining of the noise, the dust, the crowding and the high cost of their living. The disadvantages of the overgrown city are beginning to be pointed out. What hope is there that its extension will be checked?

New York state is the prime example of urban development. In 1840, there were 500 manufacturing towns and villages, power for whose industries was furnished by over 7000 water-wheels. They were connected by a network of highways and canals. Each was surrounded by a prosperous farming region. The local community was nearly self-sustaining. Grain was brought to local grist mills, lumber to sawmills, cattle to slaughter houses, hides to tanneries, wool to carding, spinning and weaving mills.

It was about 1860 that the farm and village population began to shrink. This was not merely a comparative shrinkage: it was absolute. Today there are fewer persons in the state living on farms and villages of less than 2500 than in 1820. Since 1870, farm land has been abandoned at the rate of 100,000 acres a year. During the last decade there were only ten of the 56 counties in the state in which rural population grew. Eleven cities account for more than 86 per cent of the population growth of the state between 1850 and 1920.

Changes in transportation and power did it—railroads, coal, steam-engines, automatic machinery. The small mills could not compete with bigger ones elsewhere which could install unlimited automatic machinery because they could have steam power, which could have steam power be-

cause they could get coal cheaply by rail or water, and which could ship their products over the rails that brought their power supply. These same railroads brought more distant agricultural regions into competition with the local farmers. Robbed of their market in the vicinity, they could not sell wheat in the great milling centres in competition with the specialized wheat regions where land was cheaper, more fertile, less rocky, and susceptible of increased production per man through the mere use of modern agricultural machinery. They could not sell their cattle or their wool so well, for similar reasons. Most of those who wanted to continue farming went elsewhere and specialized.

If you measure efficiency by lowered cost of production, it is more efficient to have a comparatively few large cities and a comparatively few specialized agricultural regions, exchanging their products over comparatively large areas, than to have a large number of self-sufficing rural communities of the old type each with its local industries. That is what chiefly accounts for city growth and farm decay. It is part of the great process of division of labor, diversification of wants, and centralization of control. If the cities are to stop growing, and the land is to have more of a chance, something must happen to make the city less efficient.

And that is just where it is beginning to appear that hope lies. The city, like the industrial plant itself, appears to be subject to a law of diminishing returns after it passes a certain size. Take water supply, for instance. As the city grows the mains have to push further away, and eventually the cities begin to impinge

on each others' water sheds. New York has already approached the Mohawk Valley, hundreds of miles upstate. Highway traffic is another indication. The regional plan of New York presents a traffic map, showing by the thickness of black lines the number of cars using the main roads in approaching or leaving the city. In 1965, on the basis of the statistically estimated growth of population, the lines become so broad that the map is almost all black.

The carriage of food and persons shows a similar progression. Terminal charges and trucking now account for a much larger part of the retail prices of food products than the freight charges to the city even from points across the continent. Analysis of the dollar spent on the truckman shows that only 26 cents pays for productive time. On transit lines, trips per capita increase more rapidly than the population, and the average length of the haul stretches out as the city grows. More people being carried further more often. That means more time in getting to and from work, more time taken from work by messengers, salesmen and all who have to go from place to place. Decreased efficiency for the population. And it means heavier and heavier investment in subways, with taxes to match. Higher cost of living, higher rents. Higher costs of production.

Similarly it costs more to house people, and they are not housed as well. The more the people, the higher the land values. The higher the land values, the larger proportion of the cost of housing has to go into land. High land value leads to multi-family construction and overcrowding. Families per dwelling and per acre increase as the population grows, and open space per person decreases. Up go risks of sickness, death, fire, crime, accident. Up go costs of sanitation, institutions, police, courts, hospitals, fire protection.

The rapidly increasing cost of local government is one of the inevitable accompaniments of overdone urbaniza-

tion. Governmental cost is higher per family the larger the city, as a rule. The following table is worth pondering:

Annual cost of government per family, 1917-21	
New York City	\$151.56
Buffalo	136.06
Rochester	107.74
Typical city, 3rd class	56.44
Typical town	32.80
Typical village	27.91

Mere momentum is carrying the cities beyond the point of diminishing returns. But there have been placed in our hands two powerful instruments of change. Transportation and power—the villains of the original piece, are appearing in new forms. The time is rapidly passing when a factory need get coal. In fact, more plants today take electric power from high voltage transmission lines. And these lines can and do go about anywhere. Therefore the factories need not be dependent on the railroad for power. And for shipping its materials and products to and from the railroad it can, if its products do not weigh too much, use the motor truck. Many factories in big cities have to depend on cartage anyway. Furthermore the working population need not be so closely concentrated; it is easy to substitute buses and flivvers for trolleys and subways. We now have not only the motive for industrial decentralization, but the means.

It is not likely that we shall go back to the small, scattered, self-sustaining communities. But with proper regional planning, we may perhaps have medium-sized, non-congested towns surrounded by farming and recreation regions, in which land values, crowding and costs do not progress beyond the mark of economic and social inefficiency.

For the development of these ideas we must look to such bodies as the Commission of Housing and Regional Planning in New York state, from whose researches many of the facts in this article are derived. The task of geographical planning is a gigantic one with many aspects, and we shall hear more and more of it as time goes on.

Our Silent Ambassadors

Condensed from *The Independent* (June 12, '26)

C. J. North

IF an American abroad drops in at a "cinema," the chances are better than nine in ten that he will see a gripping drama of the great open spaces or of domestic tribulation in the effete East, portrayed by screen stars long familiar to him. In other words, the American motion picture commands a general average of 90 per cent of the showings of pictures everywhere.

In the Anglo-Saxon countries—the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa—95 per cent American productions are shown, while in certain of the Central European countries where the people incline more toward German films, the average is about 70 per cent. The one complete exception which proves the general rule is the case of Japan, which has built up a vigorous film production based on plot themes and delineated by methods particularly adapted to Oriental ideas of entertainment. While these pictures do not command any market outside of Japan—except occasionally in China—they do supply about 50 per cent of the local demand. Even so, the other half of the pictures used are nearly all from America.

Now this foreign trade in motion pictures has grown from an acorn into an oak within the short space of 12 years. Significant of this growth is the fact that one company which in 1913 had five foreign branches now has 106—at least one in every country of any size at all; two others have nearly 70; and a fourth company, which wasn't in existence before 1920, has established 42 offices abroad, ten in Far Eastern regions where American pictures before 1913 were few and far between. Indeed, the acorn of 12 years ago is now a giant, standing

proudly as the fourth largest industry in the United States.

It is estimated that rentals from the exhibition of American pictures abroad reached about \$75,000,000 in 1925, this sum representing over 30 per cent of the total film revenues obtained from all sources. Of this total, nearly 70 per cent comes from Europe, with about 14 per cent each from Latin America and the Far East, and the remaining two per cent from Africa.

American movies suffer little real competition from the product of other nations; although there is film production in Germany, England, France, Italy, Japan, Denmark, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Argentina, and Brazil, with scattered attempts from a number of other countries. For example, we show 94 per cent of our productions in the United Kingdom as against four per cent British pictures, 80 in France as against 15 per cent of theirs—and so on down the line.

There are two reasons for this. To mention the least important first, the real strides in the development of motion-picture production and distribution began about 1914. For at least seven years afterwards, our chief movie rivals—England, France, Germany, and Italy—were either at war or in the throes of reconstruction, while at no time did the war check our motion-picture business. Hence, when those other countries were able to resume the production of motion pictures, they found themselves entirely outdistanced.

The second answer really gives the key to the situation. There are nearly 20,000 motion-picture theaters in this country with an average nightly attendance of fifteen million—more

than the whole of Europe can boast; five times as many movie theaters as there are in the United Kingdom, six times as many as in Germany, and nearly ten times as many as in France or in Italy. Naturally, our producers find it far more worth while than European producers to put a great deal of money into the preparation of pictures. Besides building more expensive sets and making more spectacular mob scenes, they have been able to secure, irrespective of country, the services of those people—whether stars, directors, scenarists, cameramen, or technicians—who know how to make the kind of movies that people want to see. Hence, although some productions of exceptional artistic merit appear from other countries, as a year-in and year-out proposition the American picture is the one that draws the crowds. For while a picture which costs \$500,000 to produce is not necessarily either more artistic or more profitable than one costing a tenth as much, the tendency is nevertheless all that way. Nationalism plays only a small part in the mind of the pleasure-seeking public. British, French, and German audiences often flock to an American picture when a picture produced in their own country is being shown on the next block.

What sort of American films are most popular? In general, the lower classes everywhere—lower as to intelligence and education—lean strongly toward slapstick comedy, Wild West melodrama, and serials. So do the people of all classes in practically every country of the Far East except Australia and New Zealand. Even the high-class Orientals cannot appreciate Occidental ways of living and loving, while the direct action of the broad comedy and of the Western drama appeals at once. Slipping on a banana peel needs no interpretation; neither does the cowboy's dash to save the damsel in distress.

The cultured classes of Latin America have always liked pictures which are primarily concerned with wealth, fashions and jewels. This same type of film has a considerable vogue in

Europe, too, though there the historical plots and the light, subtle comedies have an even greater following. The peoples of Central Europe and Scandinavia evince, particularly with regard to their own productions, a flair for grim realism. The unhappy ending—anathema to most American audiences—is frequent, though generally only too logical, and humor is only occasional. At the same time, America's premier movie comedians are almost unbelievably popular. The Latin races are strong for romance, but they do not seem to object to unhappy endings. In France and Italy, particularly, the costume and historical drama, if faithfully portrayed, is very popular.

Apparently, the movie has girdled the earth and taken a sure hold on the masses. The American movie will take the lead for some time to come. The gravest danger that now confronts it is a movement on the part of the European Governments to limit artificially the number of American films which can be shown within their borders. In Germany for every American film presented for censorship a German film must likewise be presented. Great Britain is considering a plan by which every British exhibitor must show a certain proportion of British-made films in each three-month period. There is more than one reason behind this agitation against American films. The film is a silent salesman of great effectiveness, and by that method much trade is being diverted to America. Moreover, through American motion pictures the ideals, culture, customs, and traditions of the United States are gradually undermining those of other countries. The film industry of these countries must be built up as a barrier against this subtle Americanization process. Much of the motion-picture work of the Department of Commerce in the past year has been devoted to reporting new developments along this line, but the American motion-picture industry can be assured a ready market so long as it produces the brand of films that people really want to see.

Vittles and Vitality

Condensed from Collier's Weekly (June 12, '26)

Lulu Hunt Peters, M.D.

ARE you getting bald? Are you too fat or too thin? Stomach bother you? Joints a little stiff? Tubercular, perhaps, or suffering with kidney or heart trouble, or diabetes? Lost your pep?

Now, that I have practically the whole human race lined up, I am going to convince you, I hope, that a very large proportion of your troubles may have been brought about by faulty foods and faulty feeding habits. The idea that we can prevent premature decay and disease by our manner of living is not so spectacular as certain much-discussed rejuvenation methods, and it has not yet reached the public mind that such a thing is possible. But it is possible and it is being done.

For instance, certain races in the Himalayas are of "magnificent physique, preserving until late in life the characteristics of youth; they are unusually long-lived and endowed with nervous systems of notable stability." I quote Lt. Col. Robert McCarrison, a noted British military surgeon, who worked with these people at Hunza for nine years.

The diet of these people, Dr. McCarrison believes, is the greatest factor in the preservation until late in life of the characteristics of youth. What is their diet? It is what McCarrison calls the unsophisticated foods of Nature—whole grains, milk, eggs, fruits and vegetables. They have meat only on feast days. He states that not one in a thousand ever saw any canned goods or a chocolate, and not as much sugar is imported into their country in a year as is used in a moderate-sized city hotel in a single day.

Their foods are not—as too great a

proportion of ours are—polished, or purified until they are lacking in those elements so necessary for health, the vitamins; nor in the equally vital mineral elements. Their foods furnish a balanced diet and contain sufficient roughage for cleansing the intestines.

Now let us consider Denmark. During the war, Denmark was blockaded. In other blockaded countries there was partial starvation and many extra deaths. But in Denmark there was a decrease of 34 per cent in the death rate.

Now, why was this? Unsophisticated foods of nature, again! The supply of meat and animal fat soon gave out. With practically no meat and animal fat (and alcohol) for the masses, the green vegetables, potatoes, whole grain cereals, milk and bread made of unrefined coarse ground grains were consumed in greater amounts. And on this diet the death rate decreased 34 per cent. The great improvement is the health of the people and the consequent sudden lowering of the death rate were so striking that Dr. M. Hindhede, the government official enforcing food restrictions, gave to his medical colleagues of the world this startling statement: "The principal cause of death lies in food and drink. Over-nutrition, as a result of the palatable meat dishes, is one of the most common causes of disease."

Let me give some data from my own experience. I specialize, more or less, in my writings, on weight reduction, for I believe that by so doing I can prevent more needless disease and unhappiness than I can do in any other way. Three-fourths of the adult population of the United States is overweight. And I have had letters from

thousands telling me that with the reduction of the weight there was a great improvement in the general health. Many have actually recovered from serious disorders, particularly high blood pressure, inflammation of the joints, kidney disease and heart affections. The main reason for the improvement is the reformation of the dietary habits.

Medical science today knows what a deficient diet can do. For example, 2000 persons died of pellagra in the United States last year. The U. S. Public Health Service has definitely established the fact that a correct diet will prevent and cure the disease without any medication whatever.

Scurvy is a serious disease which used to be very prevalent among seamen and soldiers and babies. It is due wholly to diet, and a correct diet will both prevent and cure the disease. Beriberi is a destructive disease in Oriental countries among the poorer people who live on an almost exclusive diet of polished rice. Again, rickets is largely due to lack of lime, phosphorous and vitamins in baby diets. Goiter is due to a deficiency of the normal amount of iodine in the foods. Gout, diabetes, high blood pressure, obesity, malnutrition—all are known to be due to wrong diets, in a very large proportion of the cases.

In the last 15 years or so we have learned more about scientific nutrition than we did in the hundred years previous. The chief reason is that we have used the biological method of study much more than formerly. (This means the study of the effects of foods on animals and man.) This advance began with the discovery of vitamins.

The revelations brought out by the scientific work in nutrition laboratories are almost revolutionary. We are forced to believe that we have been paying too much attention to germs as the cause of certain diseases, and not enough attention to the soil upon which they grow. We have found

that animals with lowered resistance from deficient diets, living under exactly the same conditions as their brothers or sisters placed on normal diets, will develop infections to which they are exposed, while those on the normal diets will not.

This must not, of course, make us go to the opposite extreme and say that germs have nothing to do with infection, because we know that germs themselves, if they are virulent enough or in sufficient numbers, can also lower tissue resistance—and do so frequently. And we know that there are other factors besides the diet which lower resistance.

The average life expectancy has increased to 56, a gain of 15 years in the last 55 years. This gain is largely brought about by the saving of baby and child life and the lowering of the tuberculosis death rate. The results in these cases have been brought about by better sanitation and improvement in the diet. But while the average life expectancy has increased, cancer and the degenerative diseases of the heart, blood vessels and kidneys are greatly on the increase. Can we attribute this marked increase to defective diet and incorrect habits of eating? There are many of us who believe that, in a large percentage of cases, we can.

The average American dietary consists largely of white bread, meat, potatoes and sweets. This is a diet deficient in vitamins, mineral elements and roughage—a diet which is altogether too high in acid-forming elements. These acids, in conjunction with the acids thrown off by normal metabolism of the cells, lower the slight alkalinity which the cell fluids and blood must maintain for health, and cause what we know as acidosis. And acidosis makes a mighty good foundation for most any adventurous germ scouting around for a homestead, besides being pretty rough in itself on all the tissue cells, especially the delicate lining cells of the blood vessels, heart and kidneys.

Let the Eagle Scream

Condensed from Liberty (July 3, '26)

Hugh Fullerton

THIS is the Fourth—the Eagle's week to scream!

It has become more or less a custom for Americans to write, speak, and broadcast criticisms of their land. But this week let us talk of the United States as it is; the greatest and most glorious, the most successful experiment in the history of the world. Let the Eagle scream and tell the world!

Lax law enforcement, contempt of law, crime, a wild younger generation, speed mania, graft—they all exist. Americans have squawked so loudly about them that they have created the impression the nation is rushing headlong to the demnition bowwows, with all brakes released. But on the Fourth, the beams should be plucked out of their eyes and Americans permitted to see the glory of their own land.

The United States now is reported as having close to \$425,000,000,000 of total wealth, which is estimated to be 45 per cent of the total wealth of the civilized world, nearly four times as much as Great Britain, and more than five times the estimated wealth of France, Belgium, and Spain combined.

We have been called "purse-proud money-grabbers," yet America poured into devastated Europe more than \$2,000,000,000, which was more money than all the Allies could muster, besides marking off approximately \$3,000,000,000 in debts.

It gives each year for charity more than all the rest of the world combined, and gives more to religion (regardless of creed), to education, and to the succor of those in need and distress, than any other nation of the world gives in five years.

We have the greatest amount invested in schools and colleges ever recorded in the world's history. We have \$2,350,000,000 in public school properties, and nearly \$300,000,000 in school furniture and equipment. We have \$1,830,000,000 in colleges and professional schools, and \$880,000,000 in equipment. We spend nearly \$2,000,000,000 a year on the common schools and more than half that much on the colleges. All this is independent of the more than \$300,000,000 endowments of colleges.

There are about 247,000 churches in the United States, and no value figures may be reached because values are based on taxes and church property is not taxed. But, stingy as we are in giving to churches, we gave last year more than \$750,000,000.

The churches and the ministry have been charged with losing their grip on the people. Yet in the last year *every* church in the United States, regardless of denomination, showed a big increase in active membership, estimated at eight per cent—which would put the membership above 50,000,000 if based on the 1923 figures of 48,000,000.

Their associated organizations—especially those of the young people: the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Men's Hebrew Association, and the Knights of Columbus—show remarkable gains in membership. The K. of C. rose above 800,000 members, the Y. M. C. A. passed the 1,000,000 mark.

Everyone is jumping on the young folks and charging them with everything. But, on the other hand, we have the testimony of virtually every church and college in the United States that never before in history were so many young people interested

in social service and in spiritual matters.

Drink, dope, vice, wild parties—the public prints are filled periodically with such stories about Hollywood. Perhaps such things happen. But a few miles from Hollywood is a church that has the greatest attendance of any church in America, with more than 4000 active members and 2000 young men in Bible classes.

We have wailed over public and private graft. Yet the testimony of experts is that our government, with all its admitted flaws, is the cleanest in the world, the most economically run, considering the vast sums and the volume of the business transacted, and that the character of public officials, National, State and city, is higher, on an average, than it ever was.

We lead the world in divorces, with more than 180,000 a year. Yet the United States is proclaimed the most moral of all countries, with the greatest proportion of happy marriages and the fewest per capita of unfaithful wives and husbands. The number of divorces in the United States—one divorce to each seven marriages—is declared by sociologists to be due rather to more liberal divorce laws than to more flagrant violations of the moral code.

We have about 19,400,000 automobiles and more than 2,000,000 trucks operating, which is 85 per cent of all the automotive vehicles in the world. To which we are adding about 2,400,000 a year. We have 3,000,000 miles of improved roads—a greater mileage than any two other nations—and have built more concrete roads in the last year than all the rest of the world has ever built, estimated at 35,000 miles.

The United States, youngest of the world powers, has a greater number of art treasures than any other country. We import about \$40,000,000 worth each year. . . . Despite its youth the United States has given the world something new in the fields of music and architecture. Nothing in the

world's history has approached the achievements of this country in revolutionizing building. All of ancient Athens could be fitted into the lower end of Manhattan Island and lost among the skyscrapers. Athens would have seemed squalid and shabby compared with the glories of the new Washington.

Let the eagle scream while we talk of the United States as a *unit*. Let the Socialists, the Pacifists, the Reds, deny it—but our country is a unit in any cause involving its national honor or its patriotism. Fewer than one-tenth of one per cent of the men drafted for the World War became "conscientious objectors." The number of men and women in this country rated as enemy aliens was too small to make up one regiment. More than four millions were under arms so quickly that the world was stunned by the rapidity with which a nation of citizens was turned into a nation of fighters.

If it ever happens again—which every good American hopes and prays it will *not*—the United States will do a job of springing to arms that will discourage war-makers. The survey of America shows, for instance, 107 great industrial plants that could be transformed into military factories almost at once. We have nine factories that could begin turning out airplanes and motors within a few days, and 12 plants that could be switched to the making of tanks. With 85 per cent of all the cars and trucks in the world, and more oil and gas than any other country can lay hands on, we have the basis of the greatest air and sea navies of them all. . . . We have a skeleton structure of an army. But our colleges and military schools and officers' training camps are turning out men who could be transformed quickly into intelligent leaders of men.

The year 1926 is the 150th year since the United States began life as an independent nation. A century and a half of stupendous growth and achievement. Now! All together! Rise and sing The Star-Spangled Banner—and scream with the Eagle!

Human Nature and War

Condensed from *The Scientific Monthly* (July '26)

George M. Stratton, University of California

OF the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, science gives us high hope that at least two—pestilence and famine—can be unhorsed. But with regard to war there are many who assert that science offers no hope whatever. For war, it is said, springs from human nature; and will continue as long as our unchanging human nature lasts.

Wars have occurred since the remotest time of human history. They reach still farther back, into the animal world, where pugnacity is frequent and widespread. Thus all the momentum of our animal and human inheritance would seem to carry us fatally forward along the ways of war. And yet I shall ask you to observe profound changes which have occurred in human society and which have not required a shadow of turning in human nature itself—changes quite as profound as would be involved in driving war to the very outskirts of society. Institutions based upon the most permanent traits of human character have been torn down and swept away, and without destroying or even weakening a single one of our great human motives.

Go back to what has occurred within comparatively recent times, in Mexico, in the islands of the Pacific and in Africa. In these and in other places it was customary to sacrifice living men upon the altar of some powerful supernatural being. To obtain the creatures for such sacrifices was often one of the aims of war. And beyond this, it was thought that the divine wrath could be appeased, not by sacrificing war prisoners only but by sacrificing the life of one's own son or daughter, by thus offering something still more precious to the worshipper and to his god.

We can imagine the opposition to those who in due time wished to do away with this ghastly institution. "What!" others must have said, "Would you change human nature? Do you expect men to give up their very religion? Would you have us refuse to offer to our divinity the most precious things we have?" And yet in spite of such misgivings human sacrifice in all civilized regions has gone forever, and without altering a single one of the deep motives which supported it.

And the same is true in another region of social conduct. Blood vengeance once existed almost the world over—the feeling that the death of a member of one's own family must be avenged by taking a life of the family that caused the death. The impulse to wreak such vengeance has been exceedingly powerful and exceedingly difficult to control. Even so mild a statesman as Confucius felt that any subordinate official must personally see to it that the death of a superior did not remain unavenged.

But there came a time when the spirit of the law said "No" to this deep and almost irresistible cry that an individual who has been wronged shall himself take the blood of the wrongdoer. "Vengeance is mine," the law finally came to say, "and not yours. There will, on the whole, be more of justice if those who are less close to the wrong shall determine who is guilty and what shall be the punishment." Here, again, we may imagine the critics who in that day exclaimed: "Do you expect a man to accept coolly the killing of his own kinsmen? You will have to change human nature before you can attain your goal." Yet the institution of private blood-vengeance has been done away with, and without requiring that human nature

should change by a hair's breadth. There still remain all the deep motives of revenge. There is in us today the same love of family, the same desire to right the wrong done by the violator of the family tie. We simply have instituted better methods of satisfying the ancient human impulses, while leaving the impulses themselves strong and untouched. In the same way one might speak of piracy and of duelling, which also have been virtually abolished while human nature remains unchanged.

But I hasten on to slavery, which comes closer to us. Slavery's hold upon man is from earliest times. The enslavement of others has marked the leading people of the world. Only yesterday men and women were bought and sold in our own land. What deep psychological roots slavery had! It drew its strength from the acquisitive impulse—from the desire for wealth, for property, for greater leisure; and from the joy of dominating other human beings. It seemed as though the men who worked to abolish slavery had no acquaintance with the human mind, or with human nature.

But when the time came for Lincoln to sign the great Proclamation, did he by so much as a jot or tittle have to annul the laws of human nature itself? No. Men continued as before to be avaricious. They still are ready to use other men for their own interests. They still are ready to believe that what they deeply desire is also deeply right. But society has fixed new limits to the ways in which men can gratify their impulses to acquire wealth and to control their fellows and to seek leisure and luxury.

Now to turn again to war. It may well be true that in all its large outline human nature does not change. And yet our experience shows that this unchanging nature of ours permits important changes in human conduct. Indeed, under the stimulation of social enterprise, human nature not only permits, but *demand*s profound changes.

We can not doubt humanity will keep the great impulses which still

lead to war—among which is the love of wealth, the love of adventure, the love of honor, the love of mother country. Yet there can be a growing impatience, a growing abhorrence of satisfying these great impulses by the old and bloody methods. Nor is there in the science of psychology anything to assure us that in this one region no farther advance is possible; to assure us that here men have reached the last limit of their inventiveness; that they can institute no shrewder and more satisfying devices to express their devotion to their own nation's life and to the life of the world.

Great things have been done, while human nature has remained the same. Our civilization has been rid of human sacrifice in our civil life, of piracy upon the high seas, of slavery in all the leading communities. Every one of these social institutions has had the support of men's permanent passions, of men's deepest impulses. To rid the world of these crooked ways of conduct, it has not been necessary to rid the world of humanity. Nor has it been necessary to wait until all sinners have been changed to saints. It has been necessary merely that men should be socially progressive, inventive, adventurous. Men have had to cooperate with others untrillingly to change the old habits of their social life.

Human nature has not stood as a wall against improvement. The advance, the untiring search for more effective ways of meeting the rival claims of large groups of men—these changes are an utterance of our nature. Human nature resists progress, but in all leading lands it also gains the victory over its own resistance, over its inertia and habit, over its own conservatism. It gives the motives, the human instruments and leaders, the intelligence, the insistent urging, which in the past have enriched and strengthened our civil life. And these same great forces, psychology in no wise forbids us to hope, will bring nations to establish better institutions than war to do the work of war.

As I Like It

Excerpts from Scribner's Magazine

William Lyon Phelps

SOME years ago, William A. Watts, a public-spirited business man of New Haven, said that he was about to make a speech to his employes on the value of courtesy, and wished to know if I had an appropriate anecdote. It happened that I had an ideal one. When James A. Garfield was a boy, he wrote to the presidents of Yale, Brown, and Williams, asking for the necessary qualifications for admission. The Yale president made a formal reply, and so did the man of Brown. So also did the Williams president, *but he added one line*: "We shall be glad to do what we can for you." It took one second to write that line, and the same amount of time for Garfield to decide. As a result of one line of courtesy, Williams has the honor of having graduated a President of the United States, of having at this moment his son as her own president, of having every summer an international conference whose fame and influence are as wide as its scope. . . .

Some months ago, John Galsworthy gave a lecture in London on "Expression," in which he talked entertainingly on American newspaper headlines. As the extreme limit, he cited the headline which appeared when the English poet, Robert Bridges, refused to be interviewed:

KING'S CANARY WON'T CHIRP

The same cheerful intimacy with the great was shown by an American headline describing the Prince of Wales' reception at London on his return from the Seven Seas:

WALES IN TEARS WHILE

HOME TOWN CHEERS

James Melvin Lee, of New York University, furnishes me with two other headlines. One was over a story about a workman who had been buried in a cave-in:

TON OF SOIL FALLS

ON SON OF TOIL

The other describes a man by the

name of Ivory who was on trial in an English court; the evidence told against him and the headline in the newspaper was:

IVORY'S HOPES SINK

Fenton A. Bonham, of Colfax, Calif., writes an interesting letter with respect to good usage: "I want to raise a howl against the way our newspapers have of cutting down our very good English to fit their 13-em columns. Any sort of an investigation is a 'probe.' Every convention, from the Dog Fanciers' Association to the august gathering of the House of Bishops, is a 'meet.' All conferences of whatever nature are 'parleys.' There are perhaps a dozen others nearly as bad. I wish you would do something about it."

Among the new autobiographies, one of the most captivating is by Thomas R. Marshall, who had almost as much fun in being Vice-President as, before him, Roosevelt had in being President. Tom Marshall called his book *A Hoosier Salad*. It abounds in good stories. One of the best is his account of a political torchlight procession:

"In the morning the Democratic newspaper announced that it was the greatest torchlight procession that had ever marched in the city of Crawfordsville; that it was so large it took two hours to pass a given point. The evening Republican paper quoted this statement, confessed it was true, and then added that the given point was Mike Mulholland's saloon." . . .

When the Easterner laughs at the Westerner for saying Carrds and Dinerr, let him repent when he himself says "I had no idear of it."

By the way, who was it that first called attention to the paradox that although night falls, it doesn't break; and that although day breaks, it doesn't fall? Nature is full of mysteries, *n'est-ce pas?*

Interesting comment from Ralph J. Williams, of Rahway, N. J.:

"You made the statement that you have never had from any one a satisfactory answer to the question: What determines the gender of a new word in the French language? Perhaps this will give you the information. A friend of mine told me in Senlis, Oise, in 1918, that the French Academy decided that the word 'automobile' should be feminine, because (at that time) you could never tell what an automobile was going to do."

George T. Lambert, of Lebanon, N. J., writes:

"The inquiry of Dr. Phelps . . . reminds me of a certain gentleman who lived in a cow-town down on the Santa Fe, whose knowledge of dry goods was better than it was of cattle. Having bought what had been represented to him as a fine young milk cow, he was bragging of his purchase to a ranch customer and asked him to come out and look her over. 'What did you give for her, Julius?' asked Tim. 'Only \$75; I got her dirt cheap.' 'Seventy-five dollars! Why, hell, man,' says Tim, 'that's an old cow. I bet she is beginning to shed her teeth; let's look at her mouth. See, she hasn't got a tooth left on the upper jaw,' and the ranch man lifted up the lip, and the merchant, fully convinced that he had been badly stung, sold the cow for \$35. (The 'toothless' animal was five years old.)"

G. W. Thorne, Newark, N. J., tells me an excellent story about a certain similarity between an English and a French word:

"In 1910 my nephew and I arrived in Paris at 2 o'clock in the morning and later went to the Gare St. Lazare to get our trunks. We knew nothing of French and the porters at the station could not speak English. After failing to make them know what we wanted my nephew in despair exclaimed 'Oh b'gosh!' 'Immediately a porter replied 'Oul, bahgahz; oul, oul, bahgahz!' And soon he brought the trunk. We never knew before that the French language contains the word 'baggage' or how it is pronounced."

An original book that helps to ex-

plain some mysteries in bodily and mental activity is Human Vibration, by Conrad Richter. It gives a reason for two facts I never before comprehended. Why is it that when you feel almost too tired to change your clothes, you can go out, play three sets of tennis and feel after the exercise so much more vigorous than before? And why is it that when you feel really ill, you can give a public lecture or teach a class, and after this experience feel as though you had received a tremendous tonic? Well, Mr. Richter gives a scientific reason. Congenial work never hurt anybody. Activity, instead of producing fatigue, often cures it. Rest kills thousands every year.

The United States was fortunate last winter in having among its inhabitants Mr. and Mrs. John Galsworthy, who know where to find a good climate. Mr. Galsworthy wrote a brief and charming letter to a New York newspaper. It seems that this journal had stated that he was writing a novel of American life. Mr. Galsworthy delicately suggested that with the trifling exception that it was not a novel but a play, and not on American but on English life, the news item was absolutely accurate.

A gentleman writing from the Cosmos Club, Washington, and signing himself "A Princeton Phi Beta Kappa Man," nominates these essays for the Ignoble Prize, saying he does not like a "self-advertising punster." Neither do I; but in order to be eligible for the Ignoble Prize the thing must be a generally acknowledged classic, which is not yet true of my works. Let me assure by brother in Phi Beta Kappa that he is in good company. I used to subscribe many years ago to a press clipping bureau, until I found in *Life* the following dialogue: "Papa, what is a press-clipping bureau?" "My son, you pay \$5, and receive 100 insults." It occurred to me that I could obtain them cheaper.

Excerpts from "As I Like It" confined to comments about recent books will be published in an early issue of *The Reader's Digest*.

STUART SHERMAN (p. 193), formerly professor of English literature at the University of Illinois, is now Literary Editor of the New York Herald-Tribune; he is author of *The Genius of America*, *Americans*, *Critical Woodcuts*, etc.

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE (p. 195) is distinguished as a writer, teacher, preacher and citizen. His story, *The Other Wise Men*, has been printed in every language which uses the printing press. Among his best known volumes of short stories are *The Blue Flower* and *The Ruling Passion*. His books of poems include *Music*, *The White Bees*, and *The Grand Canyon*. For a number of years Doctor Van Dyke was pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, in New York City, and for 23 years he was professor of English literature at Princeton University. From 1913 to 1917 he served as United States Minister to the Netherlands. His home is at Princeton, New Jersey.

ANNE W. ARMSTRONG (p. 199) holds an honorable record as an employment manager for a concern numbering some 7500 workers.

DAVID WARREN RYDER (p. 203) is a contributor to magazines, who lives at Mill Valley, Cal., not far from San Francisco.

MARK SULLIVAN (p. 209), well known political writer and author of *Our Times*, is a frequent contributor to *The World's Work*.

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD (p. 211), who is the wife of Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton University, has written not only some of the best American essays of our day but also several distinguished novels and volumes of short stories. Her most recent book is *The Aristocratic West*, published last fall by Harper & Brothers.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL (p. 215) is a journalist, lecturer, author of many important books, and citizen of the world. Member of the Special Diplomatic Mission that we sent to Russia in 1917; commissioner to Great Britain for United States Commission on Public Information; member of the President's Industrial Commission.

DR. HUGH H. YOUNG (p. 217) is connected with Johns Hopkins University and Hospital and represented the medical profession of America at the unveiling of the Crawford W. Long statue in Washington.

RAYMOND WALTERS (p. 223) is dean of Swarthmore College and associate editor of *School and Society*.

MAJOR GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE (p. 225) was director of military operations of the imperial general staff of Great Britain from 1915 to 1918, this post being the culmination of a long and active military career.

HECTOR C. BYWATER (p. 227), although neither an army nor a navy man, has long been recognized as an expert on naval affairs and has given concentrated study to the problems of the Far East. The points made in his present article are developed imaginatively in his recent novel, *The Great Pacific War*.

O. H. CHENEY (p. 229) is Vice-President of the American Exchange-Pacific National Bank, New York.

GEORGE BARTON (p. 233) is an editorial writer and publicist.

LEWIS S. GANNETT (p. 237) is associate editor of *The Nation*.

DR. FRANKWOOD WILLIAMS (p. 243) has devoted the past 14 years to the study of psychiatry, and is now Medical Director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

GEORGE SOULE (p. 245) is one of the editors of *The New Republic*.

C. J. NORTH (p. 247) is motion-picture specialist of the Department of Commerce.

DR. LULU HUNT PETERS (p. 249), through her books and syndicated articles, is the best known American authority on diet and health.

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